THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 766.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.

IN the absence of any direct information which could throw light on this important question, the tone held by the Journals supposed to speak the sentiments of the BOURBONS and their Ministers, becomes matter of speculation. Not that any article in any journal can be considered decisive,—a "demi-official" newspaper being a convenient invention by which a Minister is enabled to say what he pleases without responsibility or an obligation to stand to his word; but still we may discover by this means the present temper of men in power, and the sort of reasoning which they deem best calculated to influence their colleagues or the public. With this view an article in the *Journal des Debats* of Sunday last, and another in the *Etoile* of Monday, are certainly interesting, particularly as the former is written with considerable adroitness. The state of the French Cabinet is completely laid open by the recent discussions in the several ministerial journals of Paris. It is quite easy to perceive, that there is a great division in it; that the Prime Minister VILLELE and the moderate Royalists are afraid of war with Spain, while the PEYRONNETS and the furious Ultras are for plunging into it at all hazards.

The article we have alluded to in the *Journal des Debats* has for its object to show the great and incalculable dangers to which war would expose—"France," it says, but means only the BOURBONS. It aims at convincing the Ultras, that however proper their motives and however laudable their zeal, it is better to put up with things as they are in Spain, and to leave the Spaniards to the misery of their Constitutional Government, than to endanger the interests of legitimacy at large by an undertaking so full of difficulties and perils as the forcible overthrow of the Cortes. It very shrewdly warns the Royalists against being betrayed into advocating war merely because their ordinary foes the Liberals *argue* for peace. This piece of advice is very *naive* and amusing:—

> The declamations of the Revolutionists have the farther object of impelling to this truly incalculable war, some sincere, but not well informed, friends of the cause of monarchy. We know very worthy persons who have fallen into this snare. 'The Liberals,' say they, 'do not wish for war against Spain; therefore we Royalists ought to wish for it.' Puerile reasoning! deplorable blindness! The respectable Liberals are doubtless sincere in their wish that there should be no war with Spain; but the revolutionary Liberals wish it, anxiously desire it, and pray for it from the bottom of their hearts. They wish for it, because it would involve, at least so they hope, the King's Government in the most cruel embarrassments—because it would render necessary an extraordinary expenditure of 200 millions a year—because, by draining the sources of public wealth, it would mortally wound that credit which is alone capable of supplying the means of such an expenditure—because it would create obstacles to our commercial navigation—and finally, because it would open a series of chances which no human prudence could previously calculate, but among which there would be a thousand possibilities of events, fatal to legitimacy and favourable to convulsion.

The writer alludes to the doubts and hesitations of the Congress as affording additional evidence of the extreme difficulties of the case; and he has a delicate hint about other dangers more easily understood than prudently expressed:—

> The long silence of Verona has proved that the difficulties with which the affairs of Spain appeared to us to be environed, were far from being vain subtilties. The august Council of Monarchs paused long in sight of the dangers which we pointed out, and also of others, to which, from prudence, we did not choose to allude.

How little does this veil of mystery hide the real fears alluded to! All the world knows, that the most inveterate and formidable enemies of the reigning Family in France are *the French people and soldiery*; yet such is the habit of ministerial duplicity, that the writer in the *Journal* would no more think of giving a hint of the fact, than he would of calling King LOUIS an usurper. The reserve on certain tender points is very amusing throughout this article; yet we must admit, that compared to the solemn mystifications of the *Moniteur* and *Courier*, it is perfectly frank and plain-spoken. Its chief special pleading and evasion refer to the nice question of the assumed *right* of interference with Spain, where it wishes at the same time to avoid angering the Ultras by denying their claim, and yet to represent it as a delicate and doubtful point, which increases the difficulties of the subject. The late Lord LONDONDERRY is quoted in opposition to the "principle" of interferences with independent States, which that heartless Minister was obliged to declare "exceptions to the law of nations," at the very time he practically countenanced the infamous invasion of Naples by the Austrians! The *Journal* however purposely leaves the question of *right* undecided, treating it as one, the necessity of discussing which is precluded by that of the impolicy of exercising it—a pretty confession, by the way, of the conscience of a minister!

> France, it is said, possesses the right of putting down a state of things in Spain, which keeps France herself in continual danger. We have no need here to examine the limits and conditions of this right. We merely show that the exercise of this right is very difficult—very hazardous to direct in the particular situation of France with respect to Spain.

The rest of this article is addressed to the prudence, or we should rather say the *fears*, of the Ultras; and if it has borrowed its arguments from the Liberals, it must be allowed the merit of putting them in a comprehensive and persuasive form. It reminds the advocates for war, that a foreign invasion would greatly strengthen the power of the "Revolutionists of Madrid," by enlisting every national feeling on their side; and that though considerable differences may now prevail among the principal parties in Spain, they would all unite in opposing a foreign dictation, which would even rouse that large class, the *apathetic*, who "have no political ideas but *one*, which prompts them to shoot or stab every foreigner who should enter their country in a hostile manner." Under these circumstances, the present

Spanish government, if forcibly displaced, could only be succeeded by a military occupation; and such an occupation, how perilous in itself, and how hopeless as to a peaceable settlement of affairs! If security to France be all that is required, "might it not be as well produced by an army of 30,000 men stationed on the Pyrenees, as by 100,000 men scattered over the Peninsula?" That is a home argument, and involves other reflections which might make even an Ultra pause.

The *Moniteur* copied the article of the *Journal des Debats* without comment, which, however, by no means adds to its official character, as a former article of peaceful tendency was copied in the same manner, and afterwards *replied to* by that court paper. The *Etoile*, the understood organ of the war party, takes up the cudgels on this occasion against the prudent side; but its arguments are so purely repetitions of Ultra declamation, that they may be very briefly dismissed. Its anger and annoyance at the difficulties so much dwelt upon by the *Journal des Debats*, are very apparent. It protests vehemently, that the Ultras are anxious to avoid war as far as is consistent with *the national honour* (modest assumption!) and amusingly rebukes its fellow-scribe for his "exposure of all the inconveniences of war," which, it says, "alarms public opinion and discourages the soldiers." This Ultra writer is very pleasant: he is enraged at the catalogue of dangers and difficulties, and appears to wish that the war could have been rushed into just as a man would take a desperate but inevitable leap over a precipice, doggedly shutting his eyes for fear the height should appal him. The *Etoile* is peculiarly incensed at the phrase of "cruel embarrassments," applied by the *Journal* to the situation of France in case of war. "What are they?" it asks; "whence could they arise? From Revolutionists within or without the kingdom? But who does not know, that all their efforts have failed before our ministry and our army? What can they do, now that all Europe is armed against Revolutions?" We will tell him. All Europe, that is, all the European Sovereigns, failed to smother the *last* French Revolution, though they contrived to enlist a portion of the credulous people on their side. Why then should the same monarchs, after giving the world 30 years bitter experience of their inveterate despotism, after breaking their promises and defying their subjects,—why should they hope to prevent the *next*, which will in all probability be more unanimous and less stained with violence and crime?

Such are the reasonings, *pro* and *con*, of the two parties in the French Cabinet. They throw considerable light upon the views and temper of those parties, but very little indeed upon the probability as to peace or war. In regard to that question indeed we consider it no nearer a settlement than it was two months ago. The reason and policy of the matter we may discuss and determine; but how would that affect a question which may after all depend on LOUIS the Desired having a twinge of the gout, or the Duchess of ANGOULEME a fit of the spleen at a critical moment? The Holy Allies have given the BOURBONS permission to perpetrate a monstrous act of wickedness towards Spain; but while they have been debating that matter, the corrupt traitors in Spain have been put down, and the Spanish nation has buckled on its armour, and taken its position sword in hand. As much probably is there gained on the one hand as is lost on the other. The French Ministers have indeed, we are told, sent an ultimatum to Madrid, and the question of peace or war will depend on the answer of the Cortes. If it did, we should know pretty well how soon the invading army would march. But a Legitimate *ultimatum* is any thing but what it pretends to be. A government of social order and right divine has "more last words" as often as it pleases, honesty and good faith to the contrary notwithstanding. How often did ALEXANDER send his *ultimatum* to the Sublime Porte, which, when thrown back into his teeth, turned out to be no *ultimatum* at all? The only thing certain in the whole affair seems to be, that the BOURBONS are exceedingly embarrassed between their fear of the consequences of war, and their having gone so far in insulting the Spaniards as to make it disgraceful to recede. That clever paper the *Courier Français* describes this perplexity in a very pithy and complete paragraph:—"The French Government has brought itself into a troublesome dilemma, both horns of which are equally unfavourable to it. It cannot make war without attending at once both to the place whither the war is carried to, and where it remains—to what it leaves behind, as well as to what it advances to meet; it cannot remain at peace without fearing what may be introduced, and from which it cannot defend itself. What shall we conclude from this observation? *That there is inherent vice in our Administration—that it does not rest on the true interests of the country*". That after all is the most important truth betrayed by the hubbub into which Spanish freedom has thrown the Legitimates. It is the *fear of imitation* among their own subjects. Nothing, as we observed last week, can be more ridiculous than to pretend, that France, as a nation, is in danger, because Spain has reformed its government; and surely nothing can be more monstrous, than that the effect of the Spanish Reform upon the Government of France should be, —not that the latter should introduce such amendments as would remove the "inherent vice" of its arbitrary nature, and make the French contented,—but that the Spaniards must be forced at all risks to revert to their old state of slavery and ruin, in order that less excitement to change may be presented to other suffering nations!

SIR THOMAS READE AND MR. O'MEARA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

November 25th, 1822.

21, *Southampton-row, Russell-square.*

SIR,—A man who has taken an active part in public and important transactions, is certainly liable to see his name brought forward by commentators and historians of all parties, but it surely cannot be denied that he has a right to correct any mis-statement that may have gone forth concerning him, through the same public medium by which it has been promulgated.

The work which Dr. O'Meara has just given to the public, "A Voice from St. Helena," has very deservedly excited throughout Europe a very extraordinary degree of interest and attention. Monks—monk-ridden despots and their minions, gnash their teeth at it in anguish.—Mendacious, canting, venal Ministers sicken at the exposures it contains. Far be it from me to appear as an objector to any of the author's statements, which bear the most intrinsic characters of truth, and which in many important points I myself *know* to be true. I have only to complain of an omission of the author's, and I wish to give to a passage or two where mention is made of my name, an explanation which in justice to myself I find to be requisite.

From the first appearance of Dr. O'Meara's book, up to the present day, I have been frequently surprised and annoyed at being questioned by many of my friends and acquaintance, concerning my "having in 1816 published some work, in which, according to Dr. O'Meara's book, I had '*spoken ill of the Emperor Napoleon*'." By this I find they referred to the following passage in Dr. O'Meara's book.—Vol. ii. p. 94.—"June 10th, I informed him (Napoleon) that Colonel Macirone, aid-de-Camp to

Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late master. 'What does he say of me?' said Napoleon. I replied that I had not seen the book, but had been informed by Sir Thomas Reade *that he spoke ill of him.* 'Oh,' said he laughing, 'that is nothing, I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?'" Here is a direct falsehood concerning me, which has gone forth to the world in perhaps fifteen thousand volumes. I do not impute this falsehood to Dr. O'Meara, for he says above that "*he* had not seen the book," but there is surely somewhat of carelessness in his continuing, as though he were giving the Emperor a specimen of how Macirone had "spoke ill of him," in the following manner. "'But what does he say?' asks Napoleon. 'I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory.' '*It is very probable,*' replied Napoleon, 'I could not be every where; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world; he would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois battaillons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that.'" Surely Dr. O'Meara cannot mean that this is speaking ill of the Emperor? Every body knows that the command of the cavalry is a separate trust. Napoleon did not, technically speaking, command the French cavalry at Waterloo, or he would never have allowed it, amongst others, to commit the fatal error of exhausting and annihilate itself by charging over and over again squares of infantry that it could make no impression on in the first! Dr. O'Meara therefore cannot mean the foregoing quotation from my work, "Interesting Facts, &c." as a proof of my having "spoken ill" of Napoleon, for *he, not* having read my book, speaks of its contents on the authority of Sir Thomas Reade, who, it appears, *had* read it, and who therefore, if such were the case, was alone guilty of a petty short-lived falsehood, as the book does not contain a single expression to warrant his assertion.

What I particularly complain of is, that only two days subsequent to the first mention of my book to the Emperor, and to the letting off of Sir Thomas Reade's little lie, Dr. O'Meara neglected a most prominent and fitting occasion of exposing the aforesaid little lie of the courteous and gallant Knight. In Vol ii. p. 104, is the following passage. "12th (June) Saw Napoleon in his bath, in which he remained four hours and a half Gave him M. Macirone's 'Interesting Facts respecting Joachim Murat, &c.' With very little assistance from me, he read it through, making observations occasionally," &c. Here, surely, Dr. O'Meara, who *had now* read the book, should have added something to the following purpose—"And we found that Sir Thomas Reade had given me a *false* account of its contents, being evidently actuated by his exceeding anxiety to let slip no opportunity, however trivial, of giving annoyance to those who were in his power." This, however, Dr. O'Meara totally neglects, but passes on to give an account of the Emperor's somewhat hasty observations on the conduct of Murat. It is this omission of Dr. O'Meara's that has at length compelled me to break silence. Dr. O'Meara's work has now been some time before the public, and it may be asked, why I have so long delayed this explanation? In the first place, it is with very great reluctance that I obtrude myself into public notice; and secondly, as my book in question went through several editions, and was much noticed both in England and on the Continent, I flattered myself that Sir Thomas Reade's mis-statement would have been apparent at least to all such of my friends and my enemies, as had ever read it. I find, however, that most people have the greatest difficulty in remembering any thing that would controvert a calumny; and some, I find, have imagined that some other book of mine must be alluded to. Moreover, as Dr O'Meara is on the point of publishing a French edition of his work, which will find its way into the remotest corners of the Continent, I have at length ventured to address you this letter, which, though uninteresting and unimportant to the public at large, is not so either to my friends or to myself.

There are some other passages in Dr. O'Meara's book, wherein, although my name is not mentioned, I am nevertheless interested by implication. In Vol. . p. 92, Dr. O'Meara writes, "Gave Napoleon a copy of Santini's pamphlet in French, which he read, observing as he went through it, according as the passages seemed to deserve it, 'true,' 'partly true,' 'false,' 'stuff,' &c.... He concluded by remarking that Santini would have done better to have confined himself strictly to the truth, which would have had a much stronger effect on the public mind than the exaggerations he had promulgated, which indeed appeared to have been framed by some person in England, as Santini was incapable of writing a pamphlet himself." Now, as all my friends and acquaintance know that it was I who wrote this pamphlet for Santini, it is necessary I should remind them, that from the very nature of the subject, I cannot be held accountable for the mis-statements or exaggerations it may have contained.

On Santini's arrival in London from St. Helena, he came straight to me. Situated as he was, I thought it right to render him every assistance in my power. I consequently lodged him in the same house with myself, and provided for his necessities, for unlikely as it may seem, both himself and Piontkowski were entirely without money. Piontkowski was the bearer of a copy of the celebrated letter of Count Montholon to Sir Hudson Lowe, to which so much importance seems to have been attached at St. Helena, that Sir Hudson Lowe is represented to have said, "that it would be felony to send it to England."—Vol. 1, p. 145.—As an accompaniment to the publication of this letter with an English translation, I composed, in French and English, the little pamphlet in question, under the title of "An Appeal to the British Nation on the Treatment of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, &c. By A. Santini," entirely from the information which Santini gave me; and I took considerable pains, by questioning and cross-questioning him, to keep to real matter of fact; for Santini, although a man of natural shrewdness, was extremely illiterate, and perplexingly infelicitous in his method of conveying his meaning.

While reading Santini's pamphlet, the Emperor is represented to have observed, "true," "partly true," "false," "stuff." Now, on referring to the work, I really do not find so much "stuff" or "falsehood" as these exclamations might lead one to expect, at least if Dr. O'Meara's own book is to be taken for our guide. To wit, for the bad quality or scarcity of provisions, water, and fuel, mentioned by Santini, see "A Voice from St. Helena," Vol. 1, p. 58, 70, 71, 86, 109, 112, 120, 125, 150, 220, 370, 377, 425, and Vol. 2, p. 31, 35, 93, 94, 191, 195, 257. For the plague of rats, see Vol. 1, p. 312, 493. And to the state of the habitation of Longwood, Vol. 1, p. 495, Vol. 2, p 210. I am therefore led to believe, that the circumstance of such a variety of grievances being condensed into the few pages composing Santini's pamphlet, together with many details with which, most probably, Napoleon was unacquainted, and their being exhibited all together, perhaps at a time when some of them no longer existed, or were no longer felt, must have mainly contributed to elicit from the Emperor the above expressions attributed to him by Dr. O'Meara.

On referring to the pages above quoted, of "A Voice from St. Helena," the same species of grievances will be found to be portrayed, but so much diluted through the space of two stout octavos, and so mixed up with still more atrocious matter of complaint, as necessarily to excite less attention.

Santini says that he frequently shot wild pigeons for the Emperor's breakfast, who otherwise would frequently have had no kind of meat for that meal. I am informed that the latter part of this assertion was regarded at St. Helena as exaggerated and presumptuous, and I therefore should perhaps have been induced to think so myself, did I not find many details in Dr. O'Meara which tend to give it credibility. The following will perhaps suffice:—"Application made on the 10th to Sir Hudson Lowe to allow Cipriani to go down into the valley (guarded by a soldier) to purchase sheep and vegetables from the farmers, as the meat sent by the Government was not eatable. Refused by Sir H. Lowe. The daily allowance of meat, vegetables, wines, &c. &c. being carried up in the sun to Longwood, many of the articles were rendered unfit for use on the road."—Vol. 1, p. 377

I will conclude by reminding my friends and my enemies, for whom alone I need write this letter, that I was the first person in Europe to receive and to publish the aforesaid letter of Count Montholon to Sir H. Lowe, which detailed the outrageous violation of humanity and justice in the person of Napoleon;—that this letter and Santini's pamphlet gave rise to Lord Holland's celebrated motion on the subject in the House of Lords;—that both the letter and the pamphlet were thought of sufficient importance *even at Vienna!* as to cause their publication at full length in the official paper, the *Austrian Observer*; and finally, that four editions of this little work were sold in less than one month, by which means the public attention and enquiry were first directed towards the progress of the most base and atrocious ministeral that has ever yet disgraced the annals of any civilized nation.

With regard to several of the Emperor's expressions concerning his unfortunate brother-in-law, Joachim, king of Naples, I might have a deal to say. For the present I *must* confine myself to declaring, that when it shall be expedient, I can show that King Joachim did not join the coalition in 1814 through any desire of injuring his emperor and benefactor,—he had far different hopes and intentions; but he was forced into the alliance he afterwards formed, through the disobedience and defection of a personage who is still possessed of great wealth and power, and whom circumstances may still bring forth as the rallying point to the overthrowers of the *Holy* Bourbon family, thereby enabling him to 454

piate his first offence by promoting so inestimable a blessing to his country and to mankind. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS MACIRONE.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

On the 9th inst. the Winter Home Circuit (the new *third* gaol delivery established for the counties adjacent to the metropolitan) commenced at Hertford, when a number of nobility and gentry attended. Baron Graham presided, and in his charge to the Grand Jury, "pointed out to their attention the disadvantage of a Circuit at this time of the year—the inconvenience to which it subjected the Judges, the Grand Jury, the Petit Jury, prosecutors, and witnesses. With respect to the Judges, his Lordship observed, that it was inconvenient for a man advanced in years to perform such a duty at so unfavourable a season. The gentry of the country were also called upon, at a season usually devoted to recreation and domestic retirement, to leave their homes to perform duties of a nature not the most agreeable. The yeomanry too, who could ill afford the expense of travelling, and loss of time consequent upon their services as Petit Jurymen, at so inhospitable a season, were as much the subject of consideration; whilst, perhaps, the unhappy persons confined in gaol did not suffer more than was commonly the consequence of the criminal law, as it at present existed."

Upon this address, the *Morning Chronicle* makes the following sensible and feeling remarks:—"Mr. Baron Graham is well known to be a man of the greatest kindness and humanity; yet he has thought proper to put the chance of exclusion from some of the feastings and merry-makings, usual at this season of the year in competition with the sufferings of innocent individuals doomed to languish in prison till the Spring Circuit, and exposed to all the contagion of such an abode. Good God! we should think the veriest epicure that ever gloated on turtle would shrink with abhorrence from the idea of exacting such a sacrifice for the sake of such a gratification. We hope we shall never see the day when Englishmen will be so far lost to a sense of duty as to wish to condemn hundreds, aye thousands (for such is the fact) of their fellow-creatures to all the horror of a long winter imprisonment, merely for the sake of indulging in one or two days' additional gorging or inebriation. But what a libel Mr. Baron Graham propounces on the higher classes, when he supposes that they will be more particularly unwilling to forego any part of the pleasures of the season in order to attend a Christmas Assize, and that the execution of the important duties connected with it will, necessarily, devolve upon men of a lower description!—Were that supposition to be realised, the higher would, in reality, be the lower description, and their absence would not be a subject for regret, but a subject for congratulation.

"The administration of justice is the first and most important duty of every Government, and to allow men who may be innocent, to remain a day longer in prison than can possibly be helped, is a violation of that sacred duty. We are aware that the lives of the Judges of England are lives of labour; and with respect to the addition involved in a Christmas Assize, we are not prepared to say how far some of them may be able to support it. We can make every allowance for the severity of a winter journey in the case of an aged man like Mr. Baron Graham. But allowing the inability to bear more labour, and the hardship of the journey to an old man, this only proves that *other and more suitable arrangements* ought to be made.

"No man who has looked into this momentous subject, can doubt that if imprisonment is not always the consequence of crime, crime is almost sure to be the consequence of imprisonment."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Certain Journals now cite with complacence the *English Courier*, because it flatters their warlike propensities; but the *Courier* is not the Journal of the English Ministers only—it is also the Journal of all the Ministers of the Continent, who know the means of making a Journal favourable. The *Courier* has praised the Ministry of M. de Talleyrand, of M. de Richelieu, of M. Decazes, and of M. Pasquier, as it at present praises our existing Ministry; and as it will, perpaps, in a short time, praise the Ministry to come. It is known besides that the *Courier* is a great traveller, and that it frequently crosses the Channel.—*Constitutionnel.*

The *Journal des Debats* explains, that the 40,000 conscripts called out by a Royal Ordinance are not an addition to the army, but for the purpose of replacing 40,000 men whose term of service expires this year.

SPAIN.

MADRID, DEC. 2.—One of the English Journals stated on the 11th November, that much credit was given to the report that the Members of the Congress of Verona had addressed a Note to the Spanish Government, expressive of their dissatisfaction at the actual state of the Spanish Monarchy. We have no knowledge of any such Note having been received by our Ministers previously to the date mentioned, nor of any other Note of a similar tendency having been delivered at a posterior date.—*Espectador.*

Letters from Saragossa of the 25th November, state the entrance of Mina's troops into the town of Urgel, the inhabitants of which sent a deputation to implore his protection. The Rebel Romagosa occupied the fort with about 500 men.—By other advices from the frontiers, it appears that d'Eroles experienced another entire defeat on the 29th and 30th November, in Spanish Cerdagne. D'Eroles himself took refuge in France, and finally went on to Toulouse.

A letter from Perpignan, dated the 1st, states that Mina took possession of Puycerda on the 29th ult. after a general battle, in which the troops of the Faith were routed, and pursued to the French frontier. Two thousand of the Insurgents found an asylum there: the rest were killed or made prisoners.

GREECE.

CORFU, NOV. 10.—Private letters state the taking of Napoli di Romania by the Greeks; they entered it on the 1st November, and found 500 pieces of cannon in that fortress. The Turks had their lives spared, though they broke the capitulation which they had concluded a month before.—*Dutch Paper.*

BRAZIL.

On the 12th October, when his Highness attained his 24th year, he was solemnly proclaimed at Rio Janeiro, Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of the Kingdom of Brazil, by the title of Don Pedro the First. The forms were gone through in the Hall of the Senate of the Camora, and the enthusiasm of all classes was very great. In the evening the city was illuminated, and the Emperor, accompanied by his consort, Donna Maria da Gloria, went to the theatre, where pieces were represented and hymns sung, adapted to the occasion.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Tuesday, December 10.

BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

G. Fitze, Totnes, Devonshire, grocer, from Dec. 14 to Feb. 1.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

H J. Ellis, Norwich, linen-draper.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Blackband, Newport, Shropshire, grocer. Solicitor, Mr. Hicks, Gray's-inn square.

E. Deavill, Manchester, grocer. Solicitors, Messrs. Hurd and Co. Temple.

H. Clift, Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier. Solicitor, Mr. King, Sergeant's-inn

J. Scott, Alley field, Cumrew, Cumberland, bacon-dealer Solicitors, Messrs Young and Co Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.

J. Bury, Manchester, J. Bury, Pendlehill, Lancashire, and T. Bury, Bucklersbury, calico-printers Solicitor, Mr Makinson, Middle Temple.

T. Atherstone, Nottingham, dyer. Solicitors, Messrs. Briggs and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields.

J. Wilcox, Madeley-wood, Madeley, Shropshire, grocer. Solicitors, Messrs. Benbow and Co Lincoln's inn.

T. Hulbert, otherwise T. S. Hulbert, Chippenham, Wiltshire, linen draper. Solicitors, Messrs. Williams and Co. Lincoln's-inn.

J. Cookson, Leeds, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. Solicitor, Mr. Wilson, Gretille-street, Hatton garden.

R. Watts, Lawrence Pountney-hill, merchant. Solicitors, Messrs. Swain and Co. Old Jewry.

Saturday, December 14.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Wych, Ashton-under-Line, timber-merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Battye, Chancery-lane.

T. Matthews, Starston, Norfolk, farmer. Solicitor, Mr. Fairbank, Staple inn.

J. Morgan, Elder-street, Norton Falgate, lead-pipe-manufacturer. Solicitor, Mr Puddicombe, Thavies-inn.

D. Todd, J. Douglas, D. Russel, and W. Russel, Fleet-street, drapers. Solicitors, Messrs. Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

T. Hudson, Lower Pillerton, Warwickshire, weaver. Solicitor, Mr. E. Chester, Staple-inn.

J. Glyde, Yeovel, Somerset, farmer. Solicitor, Mr. Williams, Red-lion-square.

N. Berry, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Battye, Chancery lane.

J. A. Yates, Weymouth, Dorsetshire, ironmonger. Solicitors, Messrs. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.

W. Griffiths, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, seedsman. Solicitor, Mr. Tustin, Bride-court, New Bridge street.

H. H. Greaune, Lower Fountain-place, City-road, merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Hodgson, Salisbury-street, Strand.

W. Wells, Burton-hole, Hendon, hay salesman. Solicitors, Messrs. Allen and Co. Carlisle-street, Soho

B. P. Evans, Freeman's-court, Cornhill, law-stationer. Solicitors, Messrs. Watson and Broughton, Falcon-street.

E. Woodward, Whetstone, Middlesex, butcher. Solicitors, Messrs. Willis and Co. Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street.

J. Paul, Winchester, Southampton, maltster. Solicitor, Mr. Minchin, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.

THE FUNDS.—It is only necessary generally to observe, this week, that in consequence of the increased and increasing reliance on the duration of peace between France and Spain, both the Home and the Foreign Markets have been looking up. The Spanish Bonds of 1821 have risen 5 per cent. since yesterday week; and yesterday the latest news from France was altogether pacific,—the *Moniteur* accusing the *Courier* of incorrectness, in supposing a war between France and Spain inevitable. The *Courier* has been a mere will-o'-the-wisp upon the subject from first to last, and has supported its *demi-officiality* most lamentably, being only a degree less silly than the *New Times*, which, as an *English* journal, has even been on this point more absurd than the silliest of the Ultra journals of France—a bad translation of *L'Echo du Midi*. It is evident, by the rise of the French Rentes, that at present the pacific portion of the French Cabinet predominates. Latest quotations:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Three per Cents. Red. 79 11/16	New Four per Cents. —
Four per Cents. 97 1/4	Consols for Account, 81 1/16

FOREIGN FUNDS.

French 5 per Cents. 89 1/2 f. 90f.	Prussian, 86
Russian 6 per Cents. —	Prussian of 1822, 87
Russian of 1822, 84 1/2 85	Danish, in £ sterling, 89 3/4 90
Peruvian 6 per Cents. —	Colombian 6 per Cents. 72
Neapolitan 5 per C. 77 1/2 78	Chilian 6 per Cents. 72 1/2 73
Austrian 5 per Cents 85	American 6 per Cents. —
Spanish of 1820, 63 65	Ditto 5 per Cents. —
Ditto of 1821, 55 1/4 56 3/4 1/2 1/2	Ditto 3 per Cents. —

The Letter of S. C. next week. At the same time, the conclusion of the Letter to the Rev. W. B. COLLYER.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, DEC. 15.

THE Mock-Constitutional Association have indicted the *Liberal* for a pretended libel in the *Vision of Judgment*. We think we know the secret of this attempt. The miserable Crew have been in sad disgrace lately with their proceedings against fustian-cutters and poor newsvenders, and have been rebuked even from the Bench for their "oppression" in overwhelming the humble objects of their persecution by the aggravated delay and expense of legal forms. In this desperate plight, with character utterly gone, and the *stock-purse* pretty well exhausted, "something must be done" to raise them out of the mire. Accordingly, a work of high reputation, by a Noble Author, is attacked, in order that they may at least attract public attention, if not reach "a bad eminence" in public estimation, by the distinguished character of the person struck at. Messrs. MURRAY and ADOLPHUS are doubtless as much elevated by the idea of forcing a man of genius and rank into the lists, as a blackguard dustman would be in compelling a gentleman to fight with him in the streets.

What a pity that so lofty an ambition should be so lucklessly directed! The ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR-GENERAL were consulted, it is understood, regarding the vulnerability of the aforesaid "*Vision*," but shook their heads. The Suppressors of Vice cogitated long over the poem, with a keen disposition to discover in it something which might be modestly declared to be "to the great scandal of ALMIGHTY GOD" and the serious injury of the Christian Religion;—but they also sighed at the hopelessness of the task. Even the Honorary Secretary and JOHN ADOLPHUS hesitated for six weeks; but their forlorn situation required a desperate remedy, and the Publisher of the *Liberal* was indicted. We have not yet seen the indictment, but understand that the poem is therein denounced both as "blasphemous" and "seditious." This is "very gracious fooling," and cannot fail to divert the public. Do these Wise Men of Gotham mean to take up the quarrel on behalf of the Catholic Saints, and shew the Jury how irreverently ST. PETER and ST. PAUL are treated in the *Vision*? Or do they mean to rely generally on the prophane use of "mythological machinery" and the liberties taken with MICHAEL and SATAN? Ah, Mr. SOUTHEY! What a sad "Vision of want of Judgment" was your's, that the irreverent rogues cannot be trounced without dragging your unfortunate hexameters out of their obscurity! Here is an awkward hitch for the Bridge-street Worthies. Lord BYRON has carefully confined his "supernatural scenery" to the outside of Heaven's gate, and has meddled with no higher personages than the ARCHANGEL and the ARCH-FIEND; while the LAUREATE, like "fools rushing in where Angels fear to tread," has intruded himself and his bad passions into the very presence of the DEITY, and assumed the office of interpreter of the divine will and dispenser of the decrees of eternal happiness or misery: How the *face* of Mr. ADOLPHUS will carry him through this dilemma, we cannot guess. Could not a private arrangement be made with ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. so that he might consent to an indictment of *his* Vision, let judgment go by default, and come into Court *contrite*, as he did for *Wat Tyler*,—in order that the way might be cleared for a blow at the *Liberal*? Leaving this hint for the consideration of the Gang, we shall merely notice one thing more which occurs to us as a possible point for the ingenuity of the prosecuting Counsel:—Mr. SOUTHEY's *Vision* is indeed a melancholy performance; he deals out damnation and settles the order of proceeding in Heaven with orthodox dogmatism and pious inveteracy; while Lord BYRON's Poem is satirical and ludicrous, treats the whole as a good joke, and is throughout a *quiz* upon the Laureate's plot, fable, and construction. What! does the gravity then make Mr. SOUTHEY's *less* impious, or the levity make Lord BYRON's *more* so?

The alleged sedition, we suppose, relates to the character of the late KING; and all the *cant* about the "good old man" and the "sanctity of the grave," is to be pressed into the service, to convince the Jury what a shocking thing it is to print any opinions contrary to the good fame of deceased Monarchs. We feel no disposition, however, to repeat what we have so recently said on that pitiful hypocrisy; and shall only for the present express our surprise, that when the Gang determined to take advantage of the cant about the characters of the dead, they did not indict the Epigrams on

CASTLEREAGH instead of the account of GEORGE the Third. The imbecile and disastrous Sovereign has been dead three years, and the claim of History to discuss his character can hardly be evaded any longer: the callous, arbitrary Minister, has been dead only as many months, and there is room for more of Mr. ADOLPHUS's pathetics and white handkerchief in regard to the "feelings," &c. of his family, kindred, colleagues, "all good men," &c. &c. By the way, did the Bridge-street Heroes duly consider the indirect reflection they cast on "the best of Kings" by thus interfering where the Atorney-General declines to proceed? If the filialt feelings of a High Personage could be supposed to be hurt by the character of the late reign in the *Vision of Judgment*, why does not the appeal to the laws proceed from the same quarter?

The reader will see in another column some articles from the *Traveller*, and the *Times*, and the *Chronicle*, which place this miserable attempt in so clear and proper a light, that we should not do the subject justice if we omitted them.

It appears from the Madrid papers, that translations of the French Charter are published with notes and commentaries, pointing out to the Spaniards the *great advantages* which they would derive from a Chamber of Peers on the plan of that branch of the French Legislature.

The Court of Cassation at Paris has annulled the judgment of the Cour d'Assizes, which condemned the Liberal journals to silence in reporting the proceedings of the Courts.

The *Gazette* of last night contains a Proclamation for the meeting of Parliament on the 4th of February next.

There is no truth in the report of the Duke of Wellington's immediate return to this country. He remains at Paris to carry on those negociations which we stated some days ago were to be entered into between the great Powers, Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, relative to the affairs of Spain. The conferences between his Grace and the French Ministers proceed in so friendly a manner, that the hopes of preserving peace have become stronger.—*Courier—Saturday.*

The Duke of Wellington, though much better than he was when he left London, is still weak.—*Courier.*

In a conversation between the Duke of Wellington and a Spanish Nobleman now at Paris, the former is reported to have said, that he saw no reason for apprehending a war; but that, at all events, it was the determination of England to oppose an armed interference in the internal concerns of the Peninsula. The Chambers meet on the 10th of January, and M. de Villele expects the approbation of a great majority for his peaceful system. Many General Officers who have been consulted on the subject, have commented very strongly on the dangers to be encountered in a war. The spirit of the troops also is a subject of some uneasiness.

The Lords of the Treasury have refused to comply with Mr. Carlile's memorial for the remission of his fine, but have promised to extend that indulgence to his wife.

THE SCORCH BEACON.—Mr. Gibson, the Agent for the Bank of England in Scotland, a Gentleman of talent, of property, of unblemished reputation,—has obtained a verdict in the Jury Court of Edinburgh, against one *Stevenson*, the Printer of the late *Beacon* newspaper, for a libel on his private character. The infamous accusation was, that Mr. G. as Agent for the Bank of England had in [illegible] a confession from a woman on a promise of pardon, and then, by suppressing that promise, had obtained her prosecution and conviction.—There was not a word of truth in all this—the Defendant in fact had no defence—and the Jury gave the Plaintiff 500*l.* damages.—Mr. G. is a *Whig*,—hence this libel in the *Beacon*!

MR. SCOTT'S SUBSCRIPTION.—Since our last notice, T. M. has sent 2*l.*; and Mr. John Pittman, Proprietor of the Sporting Magazine, 5*l.* The above sums have been received at the banking-house of Morland and Co. Pall-mall, Grote and Co. in Threadneedle-street, have also kindly consented to receive subscriptions for the relief of this eminent but unfortunate artist.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

Nearly every day since his Majesty left town the Cabinet has been occupied in discussing a matter of the utmost importance to the State, which the wishes of the *highest personage* in the country have forced on its consideration. We have long known the extreme anxiety in a *particular quarter*, to *endeavour* to perpetuate in his own immediate descent all the honours and glories centering in his illustrious person, and an anxiety not abated by the entire failure of *one effort* to effect this, which, instead of harmony, produced nothing but internal warfare, amounting almost to open rebellion, the consequence of an attempt to unite dispositions so dissimilar, and tastes so uncongenial. The failure has been supposed to arise *partly* from certain *political restraints*, the wisdom of which we have always, indeed, questioned.—To remove, then, what is deemed by the *personage* most deeply concerned, an obstacle, though legal, founded solely in prejudice, and to induce Ministers to endeavour, by the *implied sanction of all the influence* attached to their offices, to prevail upon Parliament to alter by future enactment this bar to personal gratification, has, we understand, been the cause of all those meetings; and where so many *doubts* and *scruples*, as to the policy of this momentous change, have been started, especially by some, the course of whose whole life has been hardly ever to decide, the difficulty in producing unanimity may be supposed to have been great indeed. Should Ministers relax, and with their habitual subserviency *give in* to the ardent wishes of HIM most interested, "a high-born beauty of the Court," full of youth, grace, and every accomplishment, both of mind and person, is the object to be made most happy.—*Morning Chronicle.*

PROSECUTION OF THE LIBERAL.

(From the Traveller.)

We learn, by a paragraph from a Morning Paper, that a true Bill has been found, on an indictment preferred by the Constitutional Society for a libel in the *Liberal*. We scarcely need observe upon the nauseous hypocrisy of this prosecution, while the far more irreverend production of Mr. Southey stands unmolested. It must occur to all reflective persons, that a formal assumption of the Judgment-seat of the Almighty, and a prostitution of the attributes and behests of the Deity, in an affected, formal, and serious approbation, is a thousand times more presumptuous and reprehensible than a piece of squibbery, like the Vision of Lord Byron, upon that very gross proceeding. So we are to be stultified, *ad libitum*, by hexameters, nauseously dealing out Ultra wretchedness and flattery, in the form of *Visions of Judgment*; but anything which militates against those opinions, and burlesques the execrably silly manner in which they are conveyed, is to be prosecuted! This is the affair of Hone over again; and it is to be hoped that it will meet with the same fate. In that prosecution parodies were presented which were perfectly harmless in comparison with thousands that had been, and might be published with impunity by all sorts of people from the Prelate to the Curate, the Peer to the Peasant, the Judge to the Lawyer's Clerk, provided they are *Tories or Subscribers*. The signal defeat in that instance we trust will be repeated, for of all motives to prosecution those are most detestable which originate in party spirit, and bear on the face of them the double character of hypocrisy and partiality. We copy the following excellent remarks on the same subject from the *Times*:—"We may be mistaken, but, in our opinion, Mr. Southey's *Vision of Judgment* is much more blasphemous than that of Lord Byron. To impute bad passions, hatred, and low malice to the Deity, as Mr. Southey has done, is, according to the sensible remark of old Plutarch, a more atrocious calumny (the literal meaning of blasphemy) than atheism itself. Lord Byron evidently intended nothing but a piece of pleasantry; and if his intimate acquaintance with the mock-heroic school of Italian poetry has led him, like Pulci and Ariosto, too near the verge of profaneness, no candid man would brand an error of taste with the odious charge of designing to bring the providence of God into contempt and abhorrence. Lord Byron has many offensive faults to answer for; but he is not foul enough to be a blasphemer.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

The *Vision of Judgment* has drawn Mr. Murray from his retirement, to obtain fresh character by his exertions to vindicate the character of our late Monarch. A libel against a dead Sovereign is a strange subject for prosecution;—this is extending the libel-system with a vengeance. We should like to know how long a Sovereign must be dead before his history can be written; for, with few exceptions indeed, history is their severest libeller. We had always understood, that though a reigning Sovereign must necessarily be the best of Sovereigns, a dead Sovereign might be placed any where in the scale. Even the Clergy do not scruple to term Henry the Eighth, the first Defender of the Faith, a wicked monster. But it seems all this is to be changed.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Wednesday evening, a new tragedy, intitled the *Huguenot*, was produced at this house, the avowed production of Mr SHIEL. We will preface the observations we intend to make on it with a sketch of the plot.

The Count de Polignac, an eminent Huguenot leader, having been insulted by the Count de Montmorency, murders him in a fit of passionate revenge, which crime his heroic son Adolphus, to save his father, takes upon himself, and is in consequence sentenced to the gallies for life, as a murderer. Previously to this fatal catastrophe, Adolphus had clandestinely exchanged hearts with Marguerite Romont, the lovely daughter of Count Romont, a bigoted and indigent Catholic nobleman, from whom the secret correspondence of the lovers is withheld. Previously to the filial sacrifice of Polignac, Count Romont and his daughter had retired to a cottage in the suburbs of Orleans, unacquainted, as it seems, with the fate of the luckless lover, who is ordered to that very neighbourhood to endure his sentence. Having saved the life of the child of the superintendant of the criminals, the latter is naturally inclined to do what lies in his power to alleviate his sufferings, and at this epoch the play opens. A benevolent priest, La Roche, is struck with the mien of a convict who wears upon his arm a red cross, the significant badge of murder. He questions him, and is still more interested by his lofty demeanour and apparent remorse. Whilst they are thus conversing, an air is sung by a female in the window of a neighbouring cottage; the unhappy criminal listens, and is thrown into the most violent agitation, which is rendered ungovernable when the priest informs him that the singer is Marguerite Romont, and that she is about to wed the Duke of Montville. It appears in this dialogue, that the unhappy Polignac wears a picture of Marguerite next his heart, and that Marguerite wears a miniature of him in a similar situation. The honest priest, who with the best intentions does all manner of mischief, induces Polignac to give up the picture, which he returns to Marguerite, and, with due ghostly severity, demands a sacrifice of the resemblance of Polignac in return (whose situation he however conceals) previous to her marriage with Montville, to which she had consented with a breaking heart, in order to rescue her father from the pressing evils of poverty. In the mean time Polignac, in a frenzy of love and despair, prevails upon his grateful keeper to allow him to view the marriage ceremony, masked and disguised. Accordingly, when the nuptials are about to be solemnized, he appears, and modestly demands a few words "in secret with the maid." He first reproaches her, but afterwards ejaculates a prayer for her happiness, which leads her to recognize him, and she falls senseless in the church. All sorts of confusion ensue: being stripped of his covering by the attendants, Polignac is discovered to be a convicted murderer, and is ordered by the indignant Montville for immediate execution. Marguerite, when she revives, will not believe in his guilt, even from her father. He is brought on the stage to convince her: the ignominious cross is displayed; but, darkly uttering something about an oath, he will not assert his innocence. In his progress to the scaffold, he meets with his father, who (blind, and miserable from remorse) had been conducted to Orleans, to seek out his suffering son. They are no sooner separated, than Marguerite rushes to the place of execution, and—*omnia vincit amor*—all her pride and detestation of crime yields to love, and she sinks into the arms of her lover. At this moment La Roche (who had retired with the miserable father of Polignac) returns, declares the death of the old man, and that with his dying breath he had confessed himself guilty of the murder of Montmorency. At this news Montville relents; and the curtain drops, with the deliverance of Polignac, and the prospective union of the lovers.

We have supplied the foregoing particulars, because this tragedy is of that mélo-dramatic construction, which a detail of the incident alone can explain. There is a species of sentimental comedy which the French call *larmoyante*; and however apparently unnecessary, there is a kind of tragedy to which the epithet is by no means inapplicable; and such we deem that very fatiguing tale, in which as unrelieved and monotonous whine of despair is heard from the first scene to the last. Without contending for the felicitous comic variegations of SHAKSPEARE, and allowing that tragedy should be serious from beginning to end, we utterly disclaim the propriety of five acts of lamentation and groans, even if conveyed in the florid language of descriptive poetry, and interspersed with similes which nobody make but when they sit down for the express purpose. The congregating of common-place miseries and horrors, is the easiest thing in the world,—which genuine tragedy certainly is not. The former is usually a mere operation of incidents; the latter an exhibition and a developement of the passions which produce them. Thus much as to the *plot* of the *Huguenot*: in the construction of character it is still more defective. All "being weak, seem so." The two fathers —*par nobile fratrum*—are despicable in the extreme: the one allowing a brave and innocent son to suffer for his crimes, and the other sacrificing his daughter to relieve himself from poverty. Even the lover selfishly determines to make his mistress as miserable as himself; and the latter is a Juliet deprived of all naiveté, nerve, and resolution,—that is to say, of everything which endows a love-sick maiden either with dignity or interest. The remainder of the *dramatis personæ* are utterly insignificant.

The acting, with the exception of one or two trifling instances of imperfect recollection, was good; but we are constrained to say, that we fear the character of *Marguerite Romont* will add little to the reputation of Miss KELLY. In point of fact, no human being could acquire, although she might maintain, character in the representation of mere sickness of heart and pining wretchedness. The whole of the first act, in which *Marguerite* appears, is taken up with the representation of the unrelieved wretchedness of a girl, who has been led in a moment of filial love to determine upon an heroic sacrifice, but who exhibits the most miserable infirmity of purpose in carrying it into execution. Scene after scene of one similar weak, shuddering, reluctance, can and does only weary. A single mental gleam of dignity alone is given to the character, and that is a loan both from the *Juliet* and *Julia* of SHAKSPEARE;—it is the one in which she will not credit the unworthiness of her lover. The manner in which Miss KELLY managed this brief piece of spirit was excellent, and so was her management of every atom of the pathetic which allowed of the slightest ray of animation. There is one tone of tenderness, however, used by this very promising actress, which we must protest against. We noticed it once or twice in *Juliet*, when pronouncing the name of *Romeo*: it is fond, but it is something of the pet tone used to children,—and sounds akin to coaxing. We should have noticed this when Miss KELLY came out; but we thought it would most likely be self-corrected. We give our mind in this, and, we are satisfied, the opinion of many other people; and Miss KELLY possesses too much of the spirited and original, not to bear the mention of a defect.

To the *Polignac* of MACREADY the author owes everything: he lifted up the despair into dignity, and made the most of all the opportunities which were allowed him. His quarrel with *Montville* was the finest of these; and it was excellent. In common hands his part would have been unindurable, under the name of tragedy;—it might have passed in a melodrama, to which it unquestionably belongs. Why this play is called the *Huguenot*, we cannot tell: it was first mentioned under the title of the *Convict*, but we presume it was feared that the natural law, which regulates the association of ideas, would connect it with the *Two Galley Slaves*; and to be sure, it shews a very suspicious affinity.

Mr. ABBOTT gave out the play, amidst vociferous applause, and a few hisses, which he took to himself for a little lapse in his part, at the close of the play, which may now and then happen to any man. This was lucky, if he only supposed so; and dextrous, if he made his error a stalking-horse for the piece, because his apology stifled everything of disapprobation. To conclude, this tragedy may take its turn for a week or two—but must soon retire—the fate of most new tragedies in these days, and we are sorry for it.

O'KEEFE's extravagant piece of fun, called the *London Hermit*, has been revived at this theatre. CONNOR's Irish Gardener, and KEELEY's Cockney Apprentice, may be styled *hits*. The *Young Pranks* of JONES was also a very lively and consistent performance. Miss [illegible]'s Daughter of the

Red Lion, too, was very pleasant; and, as of yore, O'Keefe stifled all criticism in laughter. Q.

FINE ARTS.

HOLY FAMILY BY MICHEL ANGELO.

A bas-relief of a *Holy Family* by Michel Angelo, has been purchased in Italy and brought safely into England by Sir G. Beaumont. It was executed at Florence for Taddeo Taddei, in the year 1504, when Michel Angelo was 30 years old. Since the introduction of the Elgin Marbles, nothing so divine has ever been brought into the country. After having seen this exquisite specimen of his power, one no longer wonders at Ariosto's enthusiasm—

"——————— Michel
"Piu che mortel Angel divino."

It is like an emanation from the mind of an Angel, unstained by earthly thought!—St. John playfully frightens our Saviour with a dove; the Virgin protects him, and gently puts up her hand, as if in affectionate reproof, while the superior Infant leans across his mother's lap, startled, yet amused.—The parts which are finished are equal to any thing in the world; and those which are not, have a dash of chisel like the brush of Tintoretto.—To have an idea of the Virgin in this divine group, we must see it:—holy, pious, melancholy, tender, and beautiful, she turns her sinless face towards St. John, as if interested in the frolic, and yet thinking it a little beyond the awe due to the God-child.

Nothing in the world that was ever imagined by human genius, or executed by human hand, exceeded the sentiment of this angelic figure! B. R. Haydon.

P. S. It was executed at his purest time of Art, before he had done the Capella Sistina or the Moses.

NEW BOOK PRINTS.

There are few Engravings of consequence now published in England compared to what there formerly were; and of Historical ones there are none. This depressed state of the Art is one of the many evil consequences of the galling and exhausting system of finance that the corrupt condition of Parliamentary Representation has been creating for nearly a century and a half; for the direct and indirect taxes paid by every individual of the community, has reached that sadly enormous amount, that operates among the greater portion of the admirers of Art as an entire bar to their purchase of fine Prints. Without referring to the acknowledgment of this gloomy fact made to us by many individuals, it is too clearly established by the circumstance above-mentioned of the few capital Engravings now published, and by the annihilation of the sale of English Prints on the continent,—Foreigners engaging their Engravers at a comparatively small expense compared to what British Publishers can employ ours of equal talent; so that it is found to be a fruitless concern to produce and export native works in an endeavour to share the profits obtained by the Italian, French, and German Engravers. But the degree of taste existing in England still cherishes the minor but highly pleasing department of Book Prints, in which we have many admirable practitioners. Among those that are not unworthy of a passing glance, and are now appearing, is one in a publication of Tales, &c. called *Forget me not, a Christmas Present*, by the Author of *Dr. Syntax*. It has a neat little Frontispiece by Mr. Agar, from a gracefully designed picture by Vincenzio di san Gemignano, an able pupil of Rafaelle, and employed by him to paint in the Loggie of the Vatican, but who was so heart-stricken by the horrors which he witnessed when Rome was sacked by the Legitimates, in 1527, that he died three years after of melancholy at the age of 40. The Print wants smart touches along the outline, &c. but the tenderness of domestic character and beauty of the *Madonna and Infants*, with the juvenile graces of twelve minature Engravings, emblematic of the months, from Mr. Burney, with all that is pleasing and little of his customary sophistication of wavy line, give the volume, unconnected with its verbal matter, gilding, &c. the full value of its pecuniary charge.—The same may be said of two beautiful designs by Mr. Stothard in the 4th number of Mr Moore's *National Melodies*, but which, we regret, are marred by a hard outline in the engraving.—The *Illustrations of* Mr. Hughes's *Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone*, also claim praise to the Publisher for that love of Art which sends forth the Muse of Literature in company with the Graphic. They are among the slighter productions of Messrs. Dewint, Cooke, and Allen, but then they are such as are at once felt to be by the hands of Masters. R. H.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Bracebridge Hall. By the Author of the "Sketch-book."

Not having noticed this work in due time, it is not our intention at this late period to fatigue our readers with a formal account of a book now so generally known. Indeed, it is rather in consequence of the notice that "Bracebridge Hall" has obtained, that we are impelled to string together a few sentences, descriptive of the impression which, in conjunction with the other works by the same author, it has made upon us. It is not mere merit which, in certain circles, will secure popularity to the literature of an American; and we have some disposition to investigate the causes to which Mr. Washington Irving owes so much favour in the sight of the important English body of *gens comme il faut*.

Of the merits of the *Sketch book*, to a certain extent, there can be but one opinion: its gentle, humane amenity of sentiment, and clearness and purity of style, claim much of the applause they have received; but we must be excused for asserting, that it is not to these qualities exclusively that Mr. Irving is indebted for the peculiar approbation he has met with from a multitude of fashionables, who affect an extreme distaste to the literary efforts of vulgar republicans, and to feel convinced that nothing elegant or imaginative can emanate from such a source. To what then are we to attribute the favour accorded to the author of the *Sketch-book*, and *Bracebridge Hall?* We will venture an answer—by what amounts almost to a virtual rejection of the prevalent associations of his own country, and an almost servile adoption of such as predominate among certain influential circles in Great Britain. Even an American is tolerable when he is sentimentally aristocratic, and builds so exclusively on genuine English models, as never, even by accident, to wander beyond the forty-five volumes of British Essayists. The humour, sentiment, and expression—pleasant, correct, and elegant as they frequently are—all discover their origin, and the purely imitative genius of the author. In his creation of character, his construction of episode, and turn of observation, we always find ourselves somewhere between the *Tatler*, and the *Observer*, or *Looker On*. This may be well in its way, but not altogether honourable to the raciness or originality of American genius, however calculated to soften the *Quarterly Review*, and conciliate the prejudices of those who derive some consolation in the asserted *literary* inaptitude of the United States for their unequivocal *political* freedom. Even an American may be tolerated, who is not only English, but aristocratically English, in spirit and sentiment, from one end of a book to the other.

If the *Sketch-book*, with a far higher degree of merit, supplies an unequivocal instance of close imitation, we scarcely need observe to those who have read *Bracebridge Hall*, that it forms another which is still stronger. In point of fact, it appears to us to be made out of the rincings of the associations which made up the *Sketch-book*. Let us not be mistaken: we have perused both with pleasure and entertainment, as ingenious imitations of popular and well-known originals. In this way we can be amused with the Sir Roger de Coverley Squire of Bracebridge Hall, his Will Whimble of a brother, Lady Lillycraft, General Harbottle, &c. &c. but it is only as shadows of shades, or outlines traced from antiquated pictures on a pane of glass. This may be done with more or less skill; and Mr. Irving has exhibited no mean portion of imitative power; but still the whole affair is servile, and invariably betrays the secret of the copyist. Even the age of Addison was very sparing of Sir Roger de Coverleys, however abounding in Squire Westerns; but sure we are that the Lord of the Manor of Bracebridge is the representative of nothing existing among the present race of country gentlemen. We do not deny, that good and protective landlords may be found at all times, but we utterly demur to their appearance in this

likeness now-a-days; and still more to the inference, that generosity, hospitality, and this same protective spirit, tinctured with a few honest prejudices, formed the distinctive characteristics of lords of the manor of the year 1821. Was it by attending Quarter Sessions that Mr. Irving picked up these notions, or from the solemnities of Mr. Bankes in the House of Commons, or the exquisite profundity of the young Squire Hopewell, his son, upon the Game Laws?—None of these? Why then it possibly arose from the contemplation of a county magistracy settling wages at 2*s*. 6*d*. per week, with the heart and humanity of those of Sussex! We have no objection to Mr. Irving marching into the picture gallery of the *Surfaces*, to copy Lady Lillycrafts and Aunt Deborahs, but we utterly protest against his generalising English Country Gentlemen as they are not. The ghost of Sir Roger de Coverley ought to be laid in the Red Sea for ever, for its verisimilitude has altogether ceased in respect to England. The Tory Landlord of the present day is a very different sort of animal, and eke the Whig *also*. How can it be otherwise, after nearly a century of such experience as the last, nearly a quarter of it under Pitt and Paper too? A duly philosophical appreciation of matter of fact must have inferred the impossibility of any thing like such a Right Worshipful at present; but this is a trifle, compared to the extraordinary fact of an American double gilding and disguising the remaining links of a feudal chain, which leaves the bulk of the agricultural population a morbid mass of unrepresented and spiritless pauperism. We have said feudal links—yes, feudal in every thing but hospitality and protection. We can excuse English novelists setting us to sleep with *beau ideals* of exquisitely benevolent Country Gentlemen, and meek and beneficent Clergymen, who care nothing at all about tithes, so illustratively exemplified all over the country at this moment,—but for a native of the United States to seem to *forget* the more vigorous and healthy tone of society in his own country, in sickly homage to those unsubstantial traditions and pictures of nothing, is unnatural and surprising. We would not have anything out of its place, and consequently wanted no republican rant in the description of an English Landlord and his dependents; but we certainly are entitled to look for some indications from a citizen of the United States, that he knows how to value the unshackled freedom of his native land.

But independent of this unnatural homage to the prejudices and sentiments of the mob of genteel vulgar, we are additionally disposed to contend, that all writing which is palpably built upon past associations, however occasionally elegant and ingenious, must necessarily exhibit the marks of the chain, and become *fade* and affected. We surely need not add, that with much attractive humour, pleasing morality, and vivacious and entertaining description, such is the case with the works of Mr. Irving. The episodial tales form the best part of his labours, especially those in which the character is American; for, in spite of everything, nature at first hand will be better than at second. The manner of narrating these is, however, very materially imitative, and we are quite certain that one *Nicholas Pedrosa* has been the model of most of them. This, however, by the way;—our principal object is to decry the adoption, except in avowed imitation, of the style, mode of expression, or opinion, of any particular period. Whatever its pretension to the title of Augustan, or positive merit, there is no going backward to a favourite era, and all attempts at it are sure to exhibit quaintness and affectation. The only pure and easy style or manner of any period is that which naturally springs out of its predominant associations, and is formed of the notions of which they are composed, and of the language and phraseology which convey them. For this reason, we can never relish the artificial simplicity of a modern *allen* composition, either in matter or manner. As Parson Evans says, "it is affectations," and none feels it more so than the reader, who is delighted with the originals imitated. When will the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, cease to please as delightful specimens of the humour, character, and "whereabout" of the first half of the 17th century, but who would now have Addison or Steele at second-hand, or not feel the tedium of a ring of changes upon their ideas? We may ascend to a still more exalted period—the golden age of English intellectuality, eloquence, and imaginative power, and still our objection would hold, as is every day proved; and indeed proved so effectually, that we should not be surprised if at no distant time, upon the mere principle of reaction, trite classicality should again resume the sway, and Homer, Virgil, and the Greek and Latin Poets in a body, once more be general objects of imitation and almost exclusive regard.

To conclude, we do and necessarily must prefer the literary and intellectual spirit of one age to another; but we are as decidedly of opinion that no writer can depart from the mind and circumstance which surround himself, and adopt those of a preceding period, without becoming artificial, and consequently cold and inefficient. Second-rate minds fall in love with the mental character of some peculiar era, and voluntarily seek to discharge themselves of the additional associations which distinguish their own. The endeavour in the first plan cannot succeed; but were it even otherwise, the fruit would be proportionably insipid and devoid of raciness. This fact, in regard to the Greek and Latin classics, has been substantiated beyond all dispute; and resting upon a philosophical basis, it is equally, although possibly not so obviously, true in respect to more modern sources of imitation. Certain it is, that *Bracebridge Hall*, like many other amusing and ingenious imitations, copies no exception. Q.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

The following paragraph we take from the *Carmarthen Journal*:—"As a lady was walking in the neighbourhood of Cwm, in this county, on Wednesday evening last, followed by two favourite terriers, she was most unexpectedly surprised by a ferocious and savage attack on the dogs, by an animal of the cat species, and answering to Buffon's description of the Ca ta-mountain, or Ocelot, one of the fiercest of its kind. The fight was unusually long and severe, and terminated in *the death of one* of the dogs, leaving *the other lifeless* on the field. The animal has hitherto escaped, and, we are given to understand, has, for a considerable time past, committed great havoc among the feathered tribe at Cwm and its vicinity."

Lord Grosvenor's Estate.—After many years past in consultations, his Lordship's Architect has hit on a plan for embellishing all that tract of land opposite to Belgrave terrace, at Chelsea. The original plan was to remove the water works, and erect a uniform pile of houses next the King's-road; this idea has been abandoned for a series of double cottages, completely in the Italian style. They will have gardens in the front and rear. By this arrangement the piece of water will disappear, and the vacuum be filled up. The admirable new system of draining lands will be put into operation in the Spring; and thus will be removed one of the most offensive objects in existence—namely the ditch which extends from the wooden bridge nearly to Pimlico.—*Daily paper.*

Another Matrimonial Freak.—A farmer in the north of Scotland had two daughters A young man paid his addresses to the younger. Papa wished to dispose of the elder first, but the youth continued stedfast in his partiality. He was verbally married to the younger, but deceitful Hymen placed in his arms the lady intended for him by his too prudent father-in-law: and it is said that he did not discover the mistake until the following morning!—*Scotch paper.*

Tight Lacing.—It has long been a matter of regret with persons of good sense and good taste, that many of the females of this country injure their health and real beauty of form (as the pressure generally forces out the parts unpressed) by the absurd practice of wearing tight stays. The folly seems now to have spread to the men, if indeed such blockheads merit that appellation. It is a fact, that an *exquisite* fainted away on Friday in Bond street, and was assisted into a shop, where he was some time before he recovered. Medical aid was sent for, when it was ascertained that his stays were too tight.—*Traveller.*

It is said that the meeting of Parliament is fixed for the 4th of February.

In one of the late *Gazettes*, there appears the appointment of Mr. G. Holme Sumner to be Colonel of the Royal Surrey Militia, in the room of Lord Grantly, deceased.

The *Prince Regent*, of 120 guns, building at Chatham, is ordered to be launched and got ready with all possible dispatch, in order to her being fitted for the flag of the Port Admiral there, Sir Benjamin Hallowell. In the space of about eight or ten weeks, the hull of the ship will be completed, when she will immediately be put off the stocks.—*Kentish Gazette.*

Shooting.—Mr. Mallison, of Royston Abbey, undertook on Saturday week to kill 23 birds, partridges and pheasants, in 26 shots, over two manors in Bucks. It was to be performed in one

day, and the ground for operation being so confined, that birds got off the manors, and were obliged to be sprung by dogs to get them in. This left Mr. Mallison no alternative but to shoot at uncertain birds, and in so doing he was beat. He killed nine brace of partridges, and a leash of pheasants, making 21 only in the 26 shots.

Angerstein's Collection of Pictures.—We know of no greater treat than to be admitted freely to a collection of this sort, where the mind reposes with full confidence in its feelings of admiration, and finds that idea and love of conceivable beauty, which it has cherished perhaps for a whole life, reflected from every object around it. It is a cure (for the time at least) for low-thoughted cares and uneasy passions. We are abstracted to another sphere; we breathe empyrean air; we enter into the minds of Raphael, of Titian, of Poussin, of the Caracci, and look at nature with their eyes; we live in time past, and seem identified with the permanent forms of things. The business of the world at large, and even its pleasures, appear like a vanity and an impertinence. What signify the hubbub, the shifting scenery, the fantoccini figures, the bustle, the idle fashions without, when compared with the solitude, the silence, the speaking looks, the unfading forms within? Here is the mind's true home. The contemplation of truth and beauty is the proper object for which we were created, which calls forth the most intense desires of the soul, and of which it never tires. A capital print-shop (Molteno's or Colnaghi's) is a point to aim at in a morning's walk—a relief and satisfaction in the motley confusion, the littleness, the vulgarity of common life: but a print-shop has but a mean, cold, meagre, petty appearance after coming out of a fine collection of pictures. We want the size of life, the marble flesh, the rich tones of nature, the diviner expanded expression. Good prints, are, no doubt, better than bad pictures; or prints, generally speaking, are better than pictures; for we have more prints of good pictures than of bad ones: yet they are, for the most part but hints, loose memorandums, outlines in little of what the painter has done. How often, in turning over a number of choice engravings, do we tantalise ourselves by thinking "what a head that must be,"—in wondering what colour a piece of drapery is of, green or black,—in wishing in vain to know the exact tone of the sky in a particular corner of the picture! Throw open the folding doors of a fine collection, and you will see all you have desired realised at a blow—the bright originals starting up in their own proper shape, clad with flesh and blood, and teeming with the first conceptions of the painter's mind! The disadvantage of pictures is, that they cannot be multiplied to any extent, like books or prints; but this, in another point of view, operates probably as an advantage, by making the sight of a fine original picture an event so much the more memorable, and the impression so much the deeper. A visit to a genuine collection is like going a pilgrimage—it is an act of devotion performed at the shrine of art! It is as if there were but one copy of a book in the world, locked up in some curious casket, which, by special favour, we were permitted to open, and peruse (as we must) with unaccustomed relish. The words would, in that case, leave stings in the mind of the reader, and every letter seem of gold.—*London Magazine.*

A serious difference has arisen between the Regency of Algiers and the United States of America, in consequence of a mistake relative to etiquette. The American Consul taking a ride on horseback out of the gate of the city, met the Aga (or Chief Minister.) The custom in such a case is to alight and suffer the Minister to pass. The Consul, however, ignorant of this custom, rode on: he was immediately attacked, pulled from his horse, and very ill treated. He demanded satisfaction for this outrage, which the Dey refused. The Consul, in consequence, drew up an account of the insult which he had received, caused it to be signed by several European Consuls, and embarked the next day for Mahon

An affair, calculated to excite considerable interest, is about to come under the notice of the religious public, to whom it is publicly announced an "Appeal" is about to be made "in a Letter addressed to the inhabitants of the Forest of Dean, occasioned by the dismissal of the Rev. Isaac Bridgman, A. B. from the curacy of Trinity-church, in the said Forest." We understand that the cause of Mr. Bridgman's dismissal from his situation, is his having suffered the Rev. Rowland Hill to preach in his church. It seems Mr. Hill intends to write a preface to Mr. Bridgman's Appeal.—*Bristol Observer.*

A few weeks ago, a tradesman in this town received by post, from Glasgow, a foreign bill of exchange, apparently for 55*l.* with instructions to pay the balance to a mercantile house here. He did so, and shortly afterwards paid the bill into the bank of Messrs. Jones, Lloyd, and Co who gave him credit for 55*l* Soon afterwards the bankers sent for him, and asked if he knew what he had paid them? He replied that he had given them a bill for 55*l* and showed them the entry. He was then informed that the bill was not 55*l.* but for 550*l.* and had been paid as such in London. It seems, the instrument had been drawn in Gibraltar, in the Spanish language, and this strange mistake had arisen partly from ignorance of that language, and partly from the 0 after the two figures of 5 in the margin being so small as to be overlooked. What renders the mistake more surprising is, that the bill had passed through the hands of several persons in Scotland (one a banking house) none of whom had discovered its real value.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Humility.—We understand that the vacant Bishopric of Calcutta has been offered to the acceptance of Archdeacon Blomfield. The emoluments of the See are said to be worth near 40,000*l.* a-year; which will of course all be expended in anything but "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

The Elephant.—A gentleman from India assures us, that he has seen elephants employed to pile wood, and which have, adding heap to heap, drawn back and placed themselves in a situation to see if they have kept a perpendicular line, and preserved a just level in their work, and have then corrected any perceptible defect in one or the other. The same person has seen two elephants employed to roll barrels to a distance; one has kept them in motion while the other has been prepared with a stone in his trunk to stop their progress at the required spot.—*American Paper.*

Napoleon.—When any one came to ask a favour of Napoleon, he was always displeased if the person betrayed any meanness of address. If the petitioner seemed so conscious of his inferiority, and so overpowered with his august presence, as to be unable to propose his request with firmness, he would say, "What are you afraid of, my friend? I am no more than yourself; I am but a man."

Although so short a time has elapsed since the last gaol delivery for this county, yet, notwithstanding, our approaching extra assize is expected to be very heavy, both in point of number of prisoners and the atrocity of their crimes, there being at present no less than one hundred and six offenders for trial; amongst whom are two for murder, two for cutting and maiming, several for burglary, highway robbery, horse and sheep stealing, &c.—*Maidstone Journal.*

The *Hereford Journal* of Wednesday says—"Our worthy High Sheriff has *refused* to comply with the requisition for the purpose of calling a County Meeting on the Agricultural Distress."

A plan is said to be in preparation to light all the public clocks in London with gas by night.

On Wednesday Mr. Hurcombe applied to the Lord Mayor, in the name of the Committee upon Tithes, for permission to hold a meeting of the parishes for the city of London, in the Egyptian-hall of the Mansion-house. His Lordship immediately acceded to the request.

A ludicrous circumstance took place lately in the neighbourhood of Lyme. A smuggler was carrying a pair of tubs at his back, and turning a corner, came in full view of the person appointed as the receiver of seized liquors. After a moment's hesitation his ready wit suggested the following ingenious method of escape. Although he knew the receiver, the receiver knew nothing of him. He made up to the receiver with his kegs, and laying them down before him, said he was uncommonly glad to have met him, as he had undertaken the hardest job he had ever attempted in his life. "Sir, Master—the excisemen axed me to take these tubs to you, and gied me 2*s.* for the job, but d—n him if I had know'd they'd been so heavy, and would ha cut my shoulder so, (here the fellow writhed most piteously) I'd see'd un to the devil afore I'd ha touched o'em." "Well, but my good man," said the receiver, "what can I do with them, I want to proceed on my journey, I hope you will carry them into my house, which is but a quarter of a mile farther."—"I'd be glad to oblige ye, Measter, but my shoulder be so a-cut that I can't do no such thing." "Come, come, my good fellow" said the receiver, "try what you can do, and here's 2*s.* more, and when you have brought 'em my wife will give you a cup of drink into the bargain." "Well," quoth the man, "I'll try what I can do," and putting the silver into his pocket, and the liquor upon his back, the receiver rode off, and the smuggler proceeded on his way, which, we may naturally suppose, was in any direction rather than that of the receiver's house.—*Taunton Courier.*

At farmer Duckham's sale, under distress, in the parish of Uffculm, Devon, last week, a good four-wheel waggon, and a lot of chains, bows, cart-harness, yokes, &c. &c. enough to fill the waggon, were bought for 26*s.* 6*d.*; good cider was sold for 12*s.* 6*d.* per hogshead, cask included, and many lots of excellent potatoes at 6*d.* per bag, and some at 3*d.* per bag.—*Taunton Courier.*

Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Bart. has at this time no less than thirteen farms on his hands, for want of tenants. Very liberal abatements from former rents have been proposed, but, such is the state of agriculture at present, that the amount to be abated is [illegible]

ter of consideration than whether it is prudent to engage to pay any rent at all! Several large farms in this county, which, a very short time ago, made a respectable figure on the rent-roll, are now pronounced by experienced farmers to be unavailable for profit at a pepper-corn rent; and an agriculturist, upon whose judgment and veracity we can equally rely, has assured us, that an estate, a few miles from this town, which cost the present owner upwards of 25,000*l.* would be now dearly rented at 200*l.* per ann. —*Taunton Courier.*

Bon Mot.—The Hon. K. C. observed, in allusion to a recent important death, that "the fundholders had now no chance; for that Castlereagh, after having sold Ireland and pawned England, had gone *below* with *the duplicate in his pocket!*"

Matelotte of Eels.—"Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. Note:—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelty* [astonishing!] for recommending in my work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt ones are much healthier: but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin.—*Vide the French Cook, by Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. p.* 224.

Priestcraft.—When the Bishops wanted to find something in Latimer's opinions that might bring him into disgrace, they employed the following dirty device:—"I was brought out (it is Latimer who gives the account) "to be examined in a chamber where I was wont to be examined; but at this time it was somewhat altered. For whereas before there was a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanged over the chimney, and the table stood near the chimney's end. There was among these Bishops that examined me one with whom I have been very familiar, and whom I took for my great friend, an aged man; and he sat next the table-end. Then, among other questions, he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one; and when I should make answer, 'I pray you, Mr. Latimer,' said he, 'speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off.'—I marvelled at this, that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney; and there I heard a pen plainly scratching behind the cloth. They had appointed one there to write all my answers, that I should not start from them. God was my good Lord, and gave me answers; I could never else have escaped them."—This was the Bishop who presented Henry the Eighth (instead of a purse of gold, as was customary with all of them on New Year's Day) with a New Testament, with a leaf doubled down in a very conspicuous manner, at the passage "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." Our Fathers in God, for the most part, are quite another sort of men.

SONNET

ON SEEING MISS KELLY AND MRS. DAVENPORT, AS JULIET AND THE NURSE, AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, ON MONDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 2, 1822.

A double wreath, a double crown should be
To Juliet and her Nurse,—Nature's own pair,
Who with her cunning hand hath stamped them there
As in Verona's walls! Yes, thou art she,
Young Kelly! thou that lov'st so artlessly
And with firm faith, as in thy heart so fair
And true a welcome only Death might share:
Sad physic for sick hopes, thy lost love's fee.
And thou too, Davenport! that turn'st the grace
Of *real* life into consummate skill
Of aged rheums and aches, and weary pace,
The tongue all voluble and woman's still—
Dost bid once more, as with O'Neill, the stage
Shew all the mimic power of Love and Age! R.

LAW.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Thursday, December 12.

THE PORTSMOUTH CAUSE.—JUDGMENT.

The Lord Chancellor, on taking his seat this day, gave judgment in the above cause. In the course of his observations, the Lord Chancellor declared he would not prejudice the question by the expression of any opinion as to the continuance or intermittence of Lady Portsmouth—nor would he give any opinion as to whether there was any ground for saying that ill-treatment had been used to the Noble Lord—nor whether adultery had been committed.—In fact, he should not, knowing as he did the circumstances that had taken place in the family for the last 20 years, do more than send the case for the decision of a jury, convinced as he was that the case did now require farther inquiry. When he said this, he wished it to be understood that he was not giving any judgment on the case farther than he had stated. His Lordship concluded by directing a Commission to issue, for the purpose of inquiring into the state of Lord Portsmouth's mind; which, for the purpose of saving expense, was directed to be held in Middlesex.

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT.

Friday, Dec. 13.

JUDGE AND COUNSEL.

In the case of Nun and Others, respecting the construction of a will, Mr. Wetherell, Counsel for the defendants, stated the construction which he contended must be put upon the words of the instrument, and had proceeded to argue upon it, when the Vice-Chancellor pointed the attention of the learned Counsel to a particular passage, and expressed his opinion that the sense of it was so clear and conclusive against the construction for which Mr. Wetherell was contending, as to render any further argument on that point unnecessary. The learned Counsel submitted that the context warranted a very different construction to that entertained by his Honour.

The Vice-Chancellor, after having read the passage, said, I do not know how any language can be more clear. There is not a doubt to hang upon. If you are not convinced by the reading of the passage, I cannot expect to do more. That is my view of the case.

Mr. Wetherell *(with much energy).*—I have a right to be heard! I claim it for the sake of the bar—for the sake of my own public reputation, and I will be heard.

The Vice-Chancellor.—I am always desirous of hearing you, but it is for the Judge to see that you are not arguing upon points on which there can be no difficulty.

Mr. Wetherell.—I contend for my right to be heard, and to state my view of this case, and I will not submit to be put down by your Honour. *I am only speaking the sentiments of the Bar when I say, that your Honour decides cases without sufficiently hearing them.* It is the unanimous complaint of the Bar, that your Honour will not permit them to exercise that right, without which they cannot do their duty to their clients, and petitions are now presented to the Lord Chancellor, complaining that cases have not been properly heard by your Honour.

The Vice-Chancellor.—Mr. Wetherell, you do not address yourself to the subject with your usual good sense and gentlemanly manner. In order that Counsel may do their duty to their clients, they must know what is the real difficulty of the case, and address their judgments to that point.

Mr. Wetherell.—I will not submit to receive my view of the case from your Honour. I have a right—and will not be prevented from exercising that right—of pursuing any line of argument which I think necessary to the interests of my client.

The Vice-Chancellor.—I have pointed out the real difficulties of the case, and I desire you to apply your attention to what is the real difficulty in the case, and having done so, I shall do on this occasion as I do on all other occasions—let Counsel adopt their own course of argument. After having pointed out what I conceive to be the real difficulty of the case, I shall hear with pleasure what you consider to be the right view of the subject.

Mr. Wetherell denied that he had let fall any thing which was ungentlemanly or inconsistent, and ——

The Vice-Chancellor.—Mr. Wetherell, I wish you to go on with the argument.

Mr. Wetherell bowed and proceeded in his original course of argument, and spoke at considerable length.

Mr. Barber followed, and argued at great length.—The Court postponed the further hearing of the cause.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Thursday, December 12.

SHARP *v.* VIALLS.

Mr. C. Phillips stated the case. The defendant was a clergyman of affluence, residing at Twickenham, the plaintiff a poor labouring man, his gardener. On Sunday, 20th October, this

poor man went to visit his aunt at Camberwell, who gave him a piece of beef to carry home. This he deposited in the drawer where he used to keep his dinner, and here, on the following morning, it was found by his master The clergyman fastened on the beef with uncommon avidity, hastened to his larder, cut off a piece from his own round, and asked the cook if she could not swear that they must have been part of the same beef? She replied that they could not be the same, because the larder was always locked, and they differed in appearancee. He next applied to Wilson, his butler, but he informed him that the slices differed, for his beef was of a coarser grain. After five days, during which he suffered plaintiff to continue in his service, he procured him to be apprehended on a warrant of his own father-in law, Mr. Sergeant Marshal, who heard the case, and who, when the cook gave her evidence, coarsely abused her and ordered her out of the room with an epithet which was so far like beef, that it began with the same letter. Meanwhile this reverend beef-eater took the poor man's slice and insisted that his servants should eat it for breakfast; but here dreadful confusion arose—the butler had a physical scruple, and could not eat it for nausea—the kitchen maid had a conscientious scruple, and refused to permit her stomach to become a receptacle for stolen goods; and at last the cook ate it, to prevent it from becoming a subject whence the Divine might lecture on the mutability of all human affairs. In spite of the speaking evidence of the man's continuing in his situation—in spite of the dissimilarity of the articles—in spite of the impossibility of access, the worthy magistrate detained the plaintiff in custody for five hours, and bound him over to appear at the sessions. At these sessions the Clergyman *swore to the identity of the beef by the complexion.* No sooner had this person discovered this unhappy fragment with his keen, unerring, tithe discerning eye, than his imagination became bossified—in all creation he saw nothing but beef; this great world, with all its rich varieties, was only a vast round of beef; his roses and lilies became bullocks, and not a text could he find but that which related to the flesh pots of Egypt. Beef was to him what ale was to Boniface—his meat, drink, solace, and study; and sleeping or waking, dreaming or preaching, he could think of nothing, speak of nothing, see nothing but "Beef, beef, beef." He resolved to have vengeance; if he relented, his mutilated round swam before his imagination, a feast for an alderman, which might satisfy the appetite of the whole Common Council after a fast day—

> The round was a picture for painters to study,
> The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.

He resolved to prosecute this poor man without mercy—to indict him at the sessions—to have a city judge for his counsel, and the Recorder for a judge, and to get the case called on five minutes before dinner. *(A laugh.)* Thus did this Minister of the Gospel, after taking days to consider, procure the object of his displeasure to be held to bail by his father-in-law, as if anxious that the honour of the exploit should not go out of the family. At length the expected sessions came: the poor man was present to meet his accuser, not only attended by his bail, but an indignant crowd of friends, eager to testify to his character, and to witness his triumph; and there was the Reverend Prosecutor, holding the book, whence he ought to teach universal charity, to fix the brand of ungrateful felony on the innocent. The Jury rose when they heard the evidence of the prosecutor contradicted by his own servants, and without waiting to hear the defence, indignantly pronounced a verdict of acquittal.—The learned Counsel expatiated at considerable length on the contrasted situations of the parties, on the clerical character of the defendant, and on the poverty of the plaintiff, and concluded by appealing to the jury, if they held honesty in respect, though it was clothed with rags, and detested oppression, though clothed in the garb of sanctity, that they would give exemplary damages.

Witnesses were then examined, during which Mr. PHILLIPS repeatedly called the defendant "Parson Vialls" The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE begged him to omit this epithet, as it was unworthy of his talents and taste. Mr PHILLIPS in explanation, said that the epithet was not considered as reproachful in the country from which he came, and that he had intended no offence by using it.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL addressed the jury for the defendant. After the unmeasured abuse which had been heaped on this gentleman—after every epithet of reproach which the English language afforded had been heaped upon him—after he had been designated as a "vermin of sanctity," and pronounced to be the only parallel to *Dives* in the Gospel, it might not be improper for him (the Solicitor-General) to declare, that a man more *respectable* in every relation of life, more *generous*, more *charitable*, and more *humane*, did not exist in his Majesty's dominions! Notwithstanding the great mass of abuse which had been introduced into this cause, the simple question for the jury to decide was, whether Mr. Vialls had been actuated by malice in prosecuting the plaintiff. It was not enough to show an acquittal, which *might* result from the absence of witnesses, from reasonable doubts, to the full benefit of which the accused is always entitled, and from a thousand circumstances not implying guilt in the individual preferring the charge. Was there any evidence of malice in this case—any suggestion even of a cause whence such a feeling could arise? When the jury looked at the evidence, could they say that there was not probable cause for the prosecution? It was not the smallness of value of the particular article discovered which should influence a master in a case of this kind, when he *might* believe himself as an object of perpetual plunder, and *might* feel all the misery of doubt respecting the characters of those beneath his roof. He could not in such a case waste the time of the Court by saying a word respecting *damages*, because he felt assured, that if the jury looked at the evidence, and not at the inflammatory and unsupported statements of counsel, they would feel it their duty to return a verdict for the defendant.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE informed the jury, that in order to support an action for a malicious prosecution, it was necessary that two things should concur—a malicious intention, and the want of all probable cause Neither of these was sufficient alone; because a man might maliciously institute a well founded prosecution, in which case, though he would not be innocent, the party accused would have no right to redress; or a man might institute a prosecution, *bona fide* relying on the information of others fairly entitled to his credence, which afterwards might turn out to be groundless. But though the jury must be convinced that the prosecution was both malicious and groundless, yet the absence of all probable cause might be so plain as to furnish a fair inference of improper motive. The learned Judge then read over the evidence, and left the jury to say whether, in the absence of all direct proof of malice, the want of probable cause for the prosecution was so complete as to lead them to infer that the defendant must have been actuated by unworthy motives.

The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 50*l*.

OLD BAILEY.

On Tuesday, *William Baker* was indicted for attempting to extort from Henry Goldsmid certain monies and other property, by threatening to accuse him of an unnatural crime.—Henry Goldsmid deposed that he generally resided at Cricklowel, in South Wales In November last he came to London; he took apartments at the Hummums, and a few days afterwards lodgings at No 8, Norfolk-street. On the 18th of November, he had been walking out with two ladies, with whom he afterwards returned home. Whilst he was there, about three in the afternoon, a message was brought to him by a person whom he should know again, stating that there was a man in Howard-street, who wished to speak with him. The witness went out, and found the prisoner at the bar waiting to see him The prisoner said—"Don't you recollect being in a coach with me on Saturday week?" The witness replied, "No: how should I? I was 160 miles from London at that time." The prisoner then said—"It makes no matter; if you don't give me 10*l*. I shall accuse you of an unnatural crime. You can't get off. I saw you go into the Hummums on Wednesday night, and I will therefore accuse you of committing the crime on that night." The prisoner also added—"You had better give the money, or else *you shall have plenty more of* OUR *sort after you.*" The witness then called the prisoner a filthy beast, and endeavoured to seize him; but he got away and ran down Surrey-street to the river. The witness ran after him, calling out, "Stop thief;" but no person interfered or attempted to stop him, until the witness called out—"He has attempted to get money by accusing me of an unnatural crime." Several persons then joined in the pursuit, and he was at length seized in the river by a waterman, and brought to the witness all covered with mud. Witness then said to the prisoner, "You have charged me with an unnatural offence, and I shall take you to Bow-street." The prisoner then said, "I have no charge to make against you; but when I met you in the street the other day, you told me that you were a pawnbroker's clerk, promised to get me a situation, and told me to call upon you in Norfolk-street." The witness denied this, as it was not the fact, and the prisoner was immediately taken to Bow-street.—George Heath deposed that he was a waterman, and was standing at the Surrey stairs on the day in question. He saw the prisoner running, and the prosecutor pursuing him, crying "Stop thief!" The prisoner, instead of taking a boat, ran into the mud of the river. When the witness heard of the charge which the prisoner had made against the prosecutor, he ran into the mud after him, much to his own inconvenience, and succeeded in apprehending him. He then deposed, in the same terms as the last witness, to the conversation which subsequently passed between the prisoner and prosecutor.—Mr. Huggins, a resident in Howard-street, corroborated the former testimony.—The prisoner,

being called on for his defence, stated that he had called on Mr. Goldsmid, in consequence of that gentleman having promised to obtain him a situation. Whilst he was conversing with him, a cry of stop thief took place, and a rush towards the river. He went along with the crowd, and in his hurry fell into the mud of the river. He declared himself innocent of the charge on which he was indicted.—The Jury instantly returned a verdict of *Guilty*.—The RECORDER then addressed the prisoner.—If you have a sense of decency, morality, or religion left, you will feel glad that you have not succeeded in the infamous design which you meditated against this gentleman. You have been, according to your own statements, associating with wretches of the very worst description—with beings who are unworthy to live in the society of Christians, or to associate with any but the beasts of the field. If the gentleman whom you assaulted, had been intimidated by your vile threats, and had given you a single farthing, you would now have had only a few days to live. The sentence of the Court is, that you be transported beyond the seas for seven years: and let me advise you to warn the horrid wretches with whom you consort, that if they get money by the practice to which you have resorted, they will die at last by the hand of the common executioner; and if they do not, they will receive the same sentence as you have just received.—The RECORDER then called up Heath, the waterman, gave him the thanks of the Court for the activity he had shewn, and told him that the utmost expenses the law could award him should be given for the loss of time and trouble which he had undergone.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

On Monday, *J. C. Clarkson* was indicted for obtaining, under the fraudulent pretence of selling a place under Government to John Anderson, the sum of 100*l*.—The defendant was an elderly man of respectable appearance.—The Right Hon. N. Vansittart was examined. He stated that there were several clerks in the revenue department. He never to his recollection signed any appointment to John Anderson, and never saw the defendant before in his life.—Viscount Lowther, one of the Lords of the Treasury, swore that he never saw the prisoner, and never wrote him a letter in his life, nor did he ever sign an appointment to Mr. Anderson to be one of the clerks of the Revenue office.—The Jury found a verdict *Guilty*, without a moment's hesitation.—The CHAIRMAN, in passing sentence, observed, that this was as complete and systematic a fraud as he ever recollected. He only regretted that this was a prosecution upon a statute which deprived the Court of all power of passing a sentence commensurate to the offence. The sentence of the Court was, that he be fined 100*l*. and imprisoned for one year in the House of Correction.

POLICE.

MANSION-HOUSE.

Friday week the Exeter subscription coach was robbed of a parcel, containing about 1000*l*. in Bank notes, and 40*l* in gold. It appeared that the coach-guard, Baker, had received from a banking house in Exeter the parcel alluded to, and that it had been stitched into his pocket, according to the practice of the house, for greater security. He, however, cut it from his pocket, and stowed it away in the seat of the coach, assigning as an excuse that it was too heavy. There were two females in the coach on its arrival at the White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly, on Friday evening. The guard opened the door, and looked under the seat where the parcel lay. At the same moment a man at the other side of the coach looked in at the window, and spoke to the guard, as if there was some acquaintance between them. The guard then shut down the seat without taking out anything, and closed the door of the coach. Very soon afterwards a man, whom the woman believed to be the same that had spoken to the guard, said to them as they sat in the coach, "give me that parcel." Under the impression that he was a porter connected with the coach, they raised up the seat, and handed to him the parcel nearest to them. It appeared to be covered with light paper. The coach then drove off to the Bull and Mouth, in the City, and there it was discovered by the guard that the valuable parcel with which he had been entrusted was gone.—Mr. Brown, the Marshal, and Forrester, the Officer, having heard that the guard was still on the road, went down to Hounslow on Wednesday, to meet him, and there got upon the coach, for the purpose of observing his conduct. Upon reaching town they saw a person of bad character on the spot where the coach stopped, but observed no communication between him and the guard.—The case was remanded.

WORSHIP-STREET.

VIOLATING A CHILD UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE.—On Friday an aggravated case of this abominable description came under the consideration of the Magistrates. The prisoner, *William Milford*, worked as a gilder at a house, No. 5, Body's-bridge, Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars-road, where the little girl, Anne Cooke, lived with her father and mother.—The prisoner denied the accusation, and said it was a base conspiracy against his life.—Mr. Twyford and Mr. Milward both concurred that the evidence was sufficient to send the prisoner for trial.—He was remanded.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

LOSS OF THE LIVERPOOL STEAM PACKET.—The following melancholy particulars are from the *Chester Guardian*:—"This packet left Liverpool on Thursday afternoon, having 23 persons on board. The wind blew fresh. About five o'clock, the wind had greatly increased, and at six the packet had reached within a quarter of a mile of Ellesmere port. It now blowing a complete hurricane, the captain found it impossible to make the port. He then contemplated a return to Liverpool, and steered the vessel round, but was soon convinced that it was impossible, the tide having so far receded. The vessel then beat about for several hours. At nine o'clock they cast anchor, but she continued to drift; and about twelve ran foul of a flat, whose cable was also cut, but dragging her anchor. The concussion was tremendous, every person on board expecting she was going down. Several of the passengers in the cabin were violently thrown down by the heaving of the packet, one side of which was under water. The alarm was now at it's height. As the flat remained some short time alongside the packet, four of the crew and two of the passengers caught hold of the side of the flat and got on board her. There was now one foot water in the cabin; it was determined to cut the cable, and let the vessel drift with the wind and tide, the sea dashing over her in all directions. About one o'clock the tide began to flow; and the packet was driven about two miles above Ellesmere port, where she ran against a sandbank, continuing for several times to recede from and approach to it. At length she stuck fast in the sand, nearly opposite Stanlow-house, and the feeble glimmering of the moon discovered the shore at about seventy yards distance, most of the intervening space being sand, or rather mud. It was now near four in the morning. Captain Dimond here pressed many of the passengers to make the shore, when Mr. H. Whittle, son of Dr. Whittle, Mr. William Leatherbarrow, of the Exchange, and Mr Nixon, a farmer, near Stanney, leaped into the water, and succeeded in gaining the land. There were now fourteen individuals on board, only five of whom reached the shore in safety. The captain with his son in his arms was washed overboard, while in the act of disengaging himself of his great coat; Mrs Deakin, a stonemason's wife, with her infant in her arms, and her niece, about ten years old; the blind fiddler, who accompanied the boat; the son of Mr. Burt, a promising youth about nine years of age; Mr. William Davies, millwright, of this city; and an elderly person, all perished in attempting to gain the land. The packet has been got up, is found to have sustained comparatively little injury, and has been taken to Runcorn.

During the fog of Wednesday, as a Woolwich coach, full of inside and outside passengers, was driving at a quick rate, just after it had passed the Five Bells, the coachman ran against a heavy country cart. The stage was instantly upset, and the people on the roof were pitched with great violence against an empty coal-waggon; two of them fell on the shafts, one of whom had his left shoulder badly dislocated; the other had his jaw broken, with the loss of some front teeth. An elderly Greenwich pensioner, with a wooden leg, was thrown against the near fore-wheel, and had his right arm broken, with two or three contusions on the head: the other outside passengers escaped with little injury. The persons within, consisting of four men, a lady, and two children, were not materially hurt, except the female (a Mrs. Palmer) who, in the act of saving her youngest child, had her elbow and side of her face lacerated by the glass of the door; two of the gentlemen, Messrs. Edgar and Thornton, in trying to assist Mrs. Palmer, received some slight bruises.

Wednesday night the leaders of the Brighton mail ran into the ditch which runs along the side of Kennington common; the guard was thrown from his seat and much bruised, and the coachman and two gentlemen who lent their assistance, were plunged into the ditch and covered with mud. No other injury happened. The coach afterwards proceeded on its journey. This ditch has been a subject of complaint for years. Six persons within twenty months have nearly lost their lives in it. The Surrey and Sussex Trust should look to it; it should be indicted as a nuisance.

On Thursday, about four o'clock, the Birmingham Balloon coach was robbed of two parcels, containing between 7,000*l*. and 8,000*l*. At four o'clock, the guard of the coach, which was about to set off for Birmingham, appeared in the yard of the Swan with two Necks Inn, in preparation for the journey. The horse-keeper, who had just put to the cattle, observed a man walk up to the door of the coach with a great coat, and throw the coat upon

the seat, as if he intended to follow it soon after. The guard, who also saw the stranger throw in the coat, asked the horsekeeper who the person was, to which the other replied, "Why, he's a passenger of your's, to be sure." The guard took it for granted that there was nothing to be apprehended from the man who had been the object of his inquiry, and proceeded to load the coach. He had in his possession three parcels of the notes of country bankers, which had been paid in London by their agents, and were enclosed to them. One of them was directed to Messrs. Gibbins, Smith, and Co. Birmingham, and another to Messrs. Taylor and Lloyds, Birmingham, and contained promissory notes of their respective banks. Those two were laid by the guard on the seat of the coach opposite to the seat on which the coat lay, the negligent fellow intending to deposit them in a place of more security in a few moments. He had not turned his back for many seconds when the two parcels and the great coat disappeared. In the hurry of the business of the yard, nobody who could be supposed to be interested in the safety of the property saw the person who committed the robbery, and who must have been watching the motions of the guard from some part of the yard. He immediately ran off to Sir Thomas Esdaile's and Messrs. Hanbury and Taylor's banking-houses, from which he had received the parcels, and informed them of the robbery, but could give no description of the person who threw his great coat into the coach. 2,000*l* reward for the recovery of the parcels, and the conviction of the offender or offenders have been offered. The guard lies under no suspicion, but stands self-convicted of criminal negligence. Judging from the manner in which the thing was done, the police are of opinion that the notes are in the *ring* (amongst the mail-coach thieves). Those who negociated upon the celebrated Ipswich bank-note robbery, expect to be applied to on this occasion to make a similar arrangement, and it is conjectured that they will have to deal with the same party.

In consequence of a letter which Howell, the summoning officer of Marylebone, received on Sunday, respecting the death of a young woman, he went and stopped the body as the procession was about to proceed to the place of interment. Howell, on entering the room, was surprised to find that the body of the infant of which the woman had been delivered was given to a surgeon in lieu of money; he likewise found the body of another deceased, an old woman of 71, lying in the room, and whom he understood had been found dead the day previous.—In consequence, the parish-officers directed a Coroner's jury to be summoned at the Sawyers' Arms, Marylebone-lane, to inquire into the deaths of *Mary Pole*, aged 23, and *Esther Plumbe*, aged 71, which sat until Monday night.—Elizabeth Keene, wife of William Keene, residing at 65, Marylebone-lane, the same house in which the deceased persons resided, stated that Esther Plumbe rented lodgings in her house; she some time ago asked witness if Mary Pole could lodge with her, to which proposal witness persuaded her not, nor did she know she was there until she was taken in labour. On Saturday week, deceased (Esther Plumbe) acknowledged she had taken the young woman into her lodgings, who was then in labour. Witness stated she could not at that critical moment turn her out in the street, inquiring at the same time what attendance she had? To this Esther Plumbe replied, that a doctor was to attend, and she was to have 12*s*. per week for nursing. Witness knocked on Sunday morning, but could not get admittance. She went into the room again on Monday morning, and saw Mary Pole lying in the bed, who said in a faint voice she had no use of her limbs. Witness with some difficulty straightened them down in the bed; previous to that time the child was born, which she saw, and inquired if it was still-born, when Esther Plumbe said it was. On Tuesday evening witness went up again; there was at the time in the room the two deceased persons, a woman named Smith, and witness. Mary Pole appeared at that time almost insensible, and witness desired the doctor might be sent for, which was done; *but he refused to come, unless some security was given him for his money*. Mary Pole then lingered until 12 o'clock at night, when she died. Half an hour after the doctor came, being exactly five hours after he was sent for. Witness cannot say what has become of the child, but understands the doctor has it, and that it was the agreement between Mary Pole and the doctor, before it was born, that he was to have the child. Witness further stated, Mrs. Plumbe had been very ill, and she went up to see her on Monday se'nnight, when she was very unwell, and complained of a pain in her limbs. She continued unwell till last Saturday, when a Mrs. Smith informed her she was dead; but witness has a doubt she died a natural death.—Prudence Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, deposed to the bargain between the deceased and the medical man.—Eleanor Smith stated that the doctor delivered the deceased. She was very ill, and cried out in her delivery that he hurt her. Witness asked him if there was anything particular, and he said there was some obstruction. Witness examined the child all over, and found the head very open, and a great dent on the forehead.—A young man of the name of Vaughan was summoned on the inquest, when several jurymen suggested the propriety of knowing who was the father of the child, which Mr. Vaughan refused to tell, alleging he had been lately established in business in Oxford, and it would be the total ruin of him.—Several jurymen said he had been the ruin of the girl, and it was necessary that a father (meaning father of the deceased) who had his feelings harrowed up, should know it.—At 12 o'clock, there being a number of other witnesses to examine, the foreman proposed that the inquest be adjourned, and addressing himself to Mr. Vaughan, he said, that gentleman knows who was the guilty father; would to Heaven he was here, and that I knew his name—the name of such a villain ought to be exposed. After some further remarks, the inquest was adjourned. It being also ascertained that Dr. Cusack, of Berners-street, had the child in his possession, that gentleman was summoned, together with Dr. Harvey and Mr. Pyman.—On Tuesday afternoon, the jury having again assembled, James Harvey, M. D. of 18, Percy-street, stated deceased, Mary Pole, had been his servant. Hearing reports spread about that there was a mystery attending both mother and child, he called at Mr. Cusack's: he there saw the child, which was a female, and appeared to witness to have come to sufficient maturity, if it had pleased God to have lived. Mr. Cusack showed him the child, and witness did not observe any blemish on it, but there are certain peculiarities in a child's head. The medical gentleman who attended the deceased, hearing of witness's inquiries, came to him voluntarily, and told him the whole story, and that he had made the contract with the woman after the child was born. Witness did not think such a contract was usual; there was something in the manner of taking the child which the witness did not understand; he would rather have attended through humanity than made a bargain of that kind, and it was very indiscreet.—The Coroner said he considered it a most shameful thing; he then read to Dr. Harvey that part of Prudence Smith's evidence in which the deceased mentioned the contract; he further stated he would have the child brought: and if a parcel of ignorant midwives delivered women, a field was open to them to sell the children. Under such circumstances he considered it a very immoral thing.—Mr. Cusack intimated, if pupils had not experience, we should have clumsy surgeons; he, however, sent for the child.—Mr. Cusack stated the child was brought into his house on Monday: it was a still-born child, and sound in every respect. Since then it had been mutilated for the purposes of teaching anatomy. He is well aware it was never alive, as the lungs were not inflated. He did not give anything for it, as the medical gentleman who brought it was to learn from it. Witness should have hesitated in making the contract; but he would not hesitate in taking it, had it been still-born. There was no pressure on the child's head to occasion death.—During this witness's examination the child was brought and examined by the jury, and it was ordered to be detained. Several surgeons insisted to know upon what authority they would detain it.—The Coroner said, he dare say, for the sake of public feeling, Mr. Cusack would leave it. This he consented to, and it was subsequently delivered to the brother of the deceased for burial.—Mr. B Pyman, apothecary, stated that the medical gentleman who attended deceased is practising as an accoucheur; he has been in such practice for years, and been engaged in a variety of cases, always successful, and much commended for his care: he then explained why the medical gentleman did not attend when he was called for, he being at a labour.—Charles Pole, deceased's brother, stated he saw the deceased about a month ago, and it appeared that she wished to have the circumstance of her being with child kept from him—nor did he know of it before she was dead. He had some conversation with the medical man who attended her on the morning of her death, and wished to have the child to bury it with the mother; but he stated it was too late, and it was either gone to Brookes's or another place. Witness still persisted, and wished to have the child back, for it was an unnatural thing, and he (the surgeon) had no business with it; to this it was replied, that he had business with it; for the agreement was made with him and deceased (Mary Pole) that if the child was born dead, he was to have it, and nothing for his trouble.—The Coroner was of opinion the deceased died a natural death, but there was great imprudence on the part of the medical gentleman. Surgeons and accoucheurs, he said, ought to be more exemplary than others; their conduct ought to be peculiarly delicate, and he trusted the medical gentleman would be more careful; but, he continued, the jury had heard the testimony, and he thought the medical gentleman stood in a better point of view than he did the evening previous. He recommended them then to consider well of their verdict. They were about to retire, when a Mr. Denison, a respectable surgeon, said he must acknowledge it was a very wrong thing, but he hoped the jury would be merciful; it was in their power to do the surgeon a heavy injury.—The Jury then retired, and on their return the foreman said it was the decided opinion of the jury "That Mrs. Plumbe

died a natural death by the Visitation of God; and that Mary Pole also died by the Visitation of God; but that the infant being still-born, they did not impute blame to the medical gentleman, but censured him in the extreme for having made a most shameful contract—to have the child for dissection, in case still-born, instead of taking his fee."

On Monday, an inquisition was taken at the Savoy, Strand, upon the body of the female who drowned herself in the Thames at Waterloo Bridge.—Mr. Edward Laing, of 25, Clare-street, Clare-market, shopkeeper, had known the deceased for five years; her name was Wilson, she came to his house on Friday night; she appeared to be much agitated; she was quite sober; he prevailed upon her to take a little gin and water, and a bit of bread. She cried very much, said she was in great distress, and had not taken any food that day; she had a great quantity of pawnbroker's duplicates. He was called to speak to a gentleman in the shop; the deceased also came down, shook hands with him (witness) and said "God bless you, good bye," and then hurried out of the shop; had seen her about six months before; never discovered any thing in her conduct which could indicate insanity. She said her age was about 28.—Caleb Tilt, toll-taker at Waterloo-bridge, deposed that about eight o'clock, the deceased came to the toll-bar, accompanied by a gentleman: he tendered a shilling, and she desired him to take for two, but the gentleman said "No." He took his change and passed on. She enquired whether she could get a boat to London-bridge? Witness told her he did not know. Several people collected afterwards upon the steps next to Somerset-house; he ran down and heard a scream, when he got to the bottom he heard a fainter scream; he heard a splashing in the water, but could render her no assistance.—Wm. Story, a waterman, on Saturday morning, found the body of the deceased floating in Mr. Dupré's wharf.—Mr. Laing was called upon to explain why the deceased called at his house? He said she had been in keeping by a gentleman, who deputed him to pay her 100*l.* per annum, till three years ago, when he got married, and limited her to 20*l.* a year. She then took in washing, preferring hard labour to prostitution: the last sum he paid her was about 15 months ago.—The brother-in-law of the deceased said he had no wish to go into family affairs; she had been introduced as the wife of her seducer into the first circles.—The sister of the deceased described her to be totally out of her mind for some time past.—Verdict—Drowned herself in a state of insanity.—The real name of the deceased was Louisa Moss.

Tuesday evening, as a genteelly dressed woman was standing on the pavement in the Strand, opposite to Bedford-street, waiting to cross over, one of the wheels of a mail-coach cart (which was driving rapidly down the Strand) flew off and struck her on the breast, which levelled her to the ground: she was instantly taken up in a state of insensibility, and conveyed to a surgeon's shop, when, on restoratives being applied, she gradually recovered. Two of her ribs were broken, her breast-bone was likewise fractured, and in other respects much injured. Hopes, however, are entertained of her recovery.

About half-past two o'clock on Thursday morning, an alarming fire broke out in Fore-street, Limehouse, just on the verge of the Thames. It originated in a provision warehouse, which, together with the whole of the stock in trade, were reduced to ruins. The flames communicated to the house of Mr. Secoburn, cheesemonger, which was also, together with the furniture and stock in trade, destroyed. The houses of Mr. Browne and Mr. Jones were much damaged, and several others were injured.

At a meeting of Magistrates, held not long since in Somersetshire, a very respectable farmer was summoned before them for killing game on the manor of one of the then sitting Magistrates, and convicted in the penalty of 5*l.* The farmer pleaded very hard against the conviction, but all in vain: he then stated that he had an information to lay against a respectable person then present. He was requested to lay it on oath; he did so, and had the aforesaid Magistrate convicted in the penalty of 10*l.* for killing game, he having neglected to take out his certificate.

On Wednesday, in consequence of the density of the fog, a very melancholy accident happened in the Westminster-road. A gig containing a lady and gentleman, came in contact with a carriage, both vehicles proceeding at a rapid pace. The pole of the carriage struck the horse of the chaise with great violence on the breast, which caused the animal to rear up and overturn the vehicle. The lady was thrown with such violence to the ground, that two of her ribs were broken, besides other severe contusions. The gentleman was also hurt in a shocking manner, and the unfortunate individuals were carried to a place of safety in a deplorable condition.

Since Saturday, alarm has existed in consequence of the discovery of the body of a Gentleman in the Serpentine River, with the throat cut in a most horrible manner. There was a quantity of blood about thirty yards from the spot where he was found, and drops of blood upon the ground, as if he had been dragged thither. This was the cause of the discovery, the river being in consequence dragged; when the body was found about twenty yards from the shore. There was a deep cut across the deceased's chin, and his knuckles were also cut, which indicated that he had made considerable resistance. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, was a very powerful man, fresh coloured, and well dressed in a dark frock-coat, black silk waistcoat, light coloured kerseymere smallclothes, worsted stockings, high ancled shoes and gaiters, but there was nothing about him to lead to a discovery of who he was. On Monday evening an inquest was held on the body. The deceased when found, had a silk handkerchief clasped in his right hand, and a knife covered with blood in his pocket; he had no property about him; he was observed walking in a melancholy attitude, by the side of the canal, before the body was found, which with the knife and handkerchief being covered with blood, it is supposed he committed the act himself; but no evidence being to that effect, the jury returned a verdict—Found drowned with his throat cut.

The Storm.—The country papers are replete with melancholy details of the damage and accidents (many of which are fatal) produced by the storm of Thursday week. The mischief appears to have been greatest in Lancashire, and especially in Liverpool and Manchester. In all the midland and north-west counties the ravages have been very great. Much distressing information has arrived from the coast.

Death of Hickman, the Gas-light Man, and his Patron, Mr. Roe.—Hickman, and Mr. Roe, a silversmith and jeweller in Aldersgate-street, went together to the battle between Joshua Hudson and Shelton, on Tuesday, in a single horse chaise—Hickman drove. On returning home, about nine o'clock in the evening, Hickman endeavoured to pass a road waggon on the *near* side the road, instead of the *off* side. Whether from unskilful driving, the darkness of the night, or some other cause, in clearing the wheels of the waggon, the chaise was overturned, and dreadful to relate, both were precipitated under the wheels, which went over their heads: Hickman was killed instantaneously, his brains were scattered about the road, and the head was crushed to atoms. Mr. Roe seemed to have some animation, but was soon dead. Randall had parted with them at South Mimms shortly before, and they were sober. No person was present at the shocking catastrophe but the waggoner, and his testimony is corroborated by the tracks of the wheels of the chaise, and the situation of the chaise itself. Both were married, and have two children each. It was in the hollow, half a mile north of the Green Man, Finchley Common, where Hickman and Mr. Roe were killed.

BIRTH.

At Lisson-grove, on the 12th inst. of a son, the lady of B. R. Haydon, Esq. Historical Painter.

MARRIAGES.

On Sunday, at St. James's Church, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Earl of Belfast, eldest son of the Marquis of Donegall, to Lady Harriet Butler, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Glengall, and sister to the present. After the ceremony the happy couple set off for the Continent.

On Wednesday, at the Friends' Meeting-house, Kingston-upon-Thames, W. W. Prideaux, son of Walter Prideaux, Esq. of Kingsbridge, Devonshire, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. Foster Reynolds, Esq. of Carshalton-house, Surrey.

On Tuesday, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. Charles Howell, of Upper Cumming-street, Pentonville, to Miss Anne East, of Edmonton.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Wm. B. Dickinson, Esq. of Burton-crescent, to Hannah, youngest daughter of Thomas Nott, Esq. of Ledbury, Herefordshire.

On the 7th inst. at St. Mary's, Bermondsey, John Lambert, Esq. of Broad-street-buildings, to Janet, eldest daughter of Matthew Boyd, Esq. of Bermondsey.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday evening, at his residence at Walton, Charles, Earl of Tankerville, Baron Ossulston, &c. He is succeedrd in his titles and estates by his son, Charles Augustus Lord Ossulston, Member for Berwick-upon-Tweed.

On the 10th inst. at Highbury-grove, Sarah, wife of D. Rainier, Esq. aged 37.

On the 9th inst. in Castle-street, Reading, Berkshire, aged 57, Catherine, wife of Joseph Frederick Simon, Esq.

On Wednesday, in Bolton-street, Piccadilly, John Beardmore, Esq. in the 67th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, William Blair, Esq. surgeon, in the 57th year of his age.

On Saturday week, at Stoke Newington, John Aikin, M. D. &c. in his 76th year. The public will sympathize with his private friends in an event which has separated for ever from mortal concerns, a man whose literary life was devoted, with undeviating consistency, to the support of the best interests of mankind.

At York, on Friday week, after a few days' illness, Wm. Tuke, in the 90th year of his age. He was an honourable member of the Society of Friends.

At Broughton Ferry, Dundee, in the 103rd year of his age, Mr. Thos. Abbot. He was born in the reign of King George I. He never used spectacles; and scarcely was ever known to have one day's illness.

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